TAKE ONE

the film magazine vol. 1 25c no. 10

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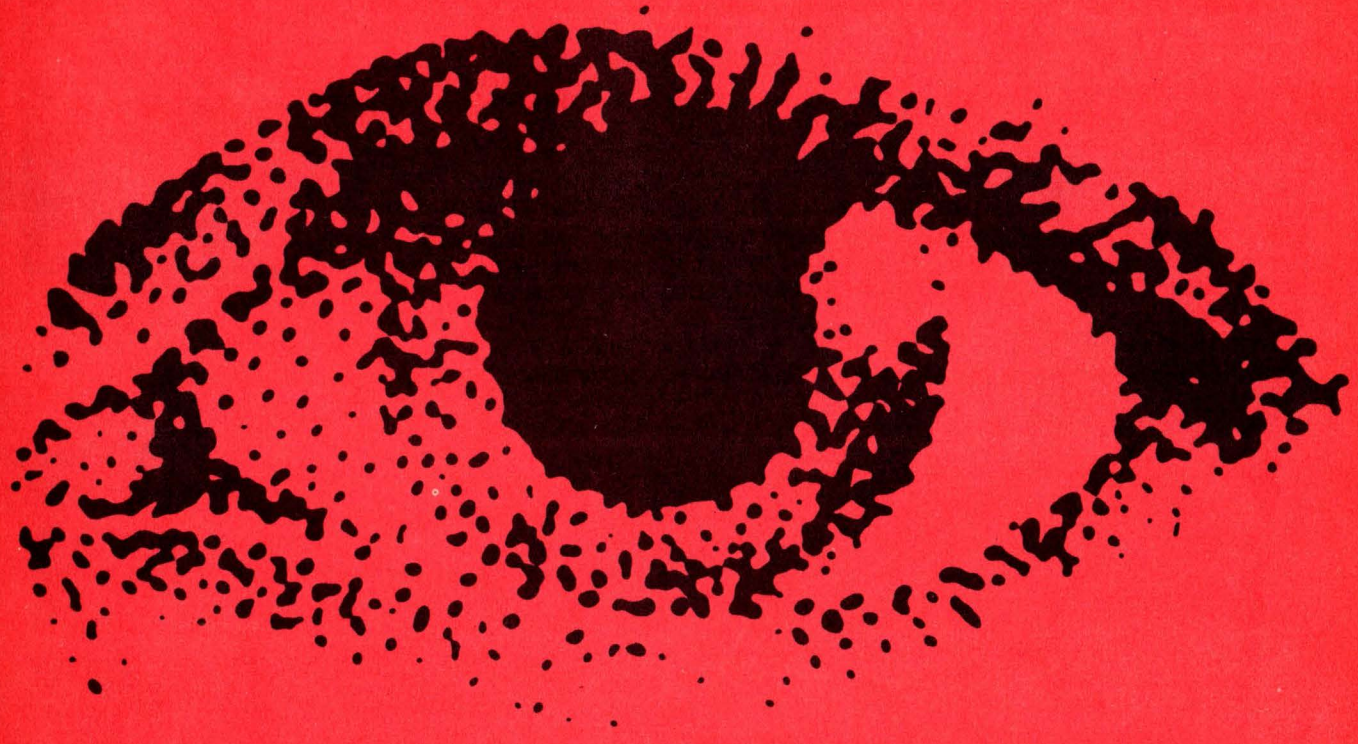
HITCHCOCK · GODARD WARHOL !



TOWARD A SOCIAL LANDSCAPE
an exhibition of the
works of five contemporary
U.S. photographers
of "people and people things".

Garry Winogrand
San Marcos, Texas, 1964
From TOWARD A SOCIAL LANDSCAPE
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Sunday and public holidays, 2 p.m. to 6 p.m.
Admission free.

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TAKE ONE

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TAKE ONE is published bi-monthly by Unicorn Publishers, Post Office Box 1778, Station B Montreal 2, P. Q. Subscription rate (all countries): 6 issues for $1.50. Notice of change of address should include your old address on the mailing label of a recent issue; allow four weeks. All manuscripts, drawings and photographs submitted must be accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes. While the editors will take all reasonable care, they will not be held responsible for the loss of any such submissions.
Authorised as second class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. Printed at Montreal, Canada.

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PRINTED IN CANADA

JUNE 1968

The American Film Academy is the **new voice** in Screen Education. We have undertaken a full program of research, study, publishing, and film production, all aimed at giving the High School educator a **new choice** of ideas, materials and methodology. The American Film Academy, a non-profit educational corporation, invites you to write for more information to:

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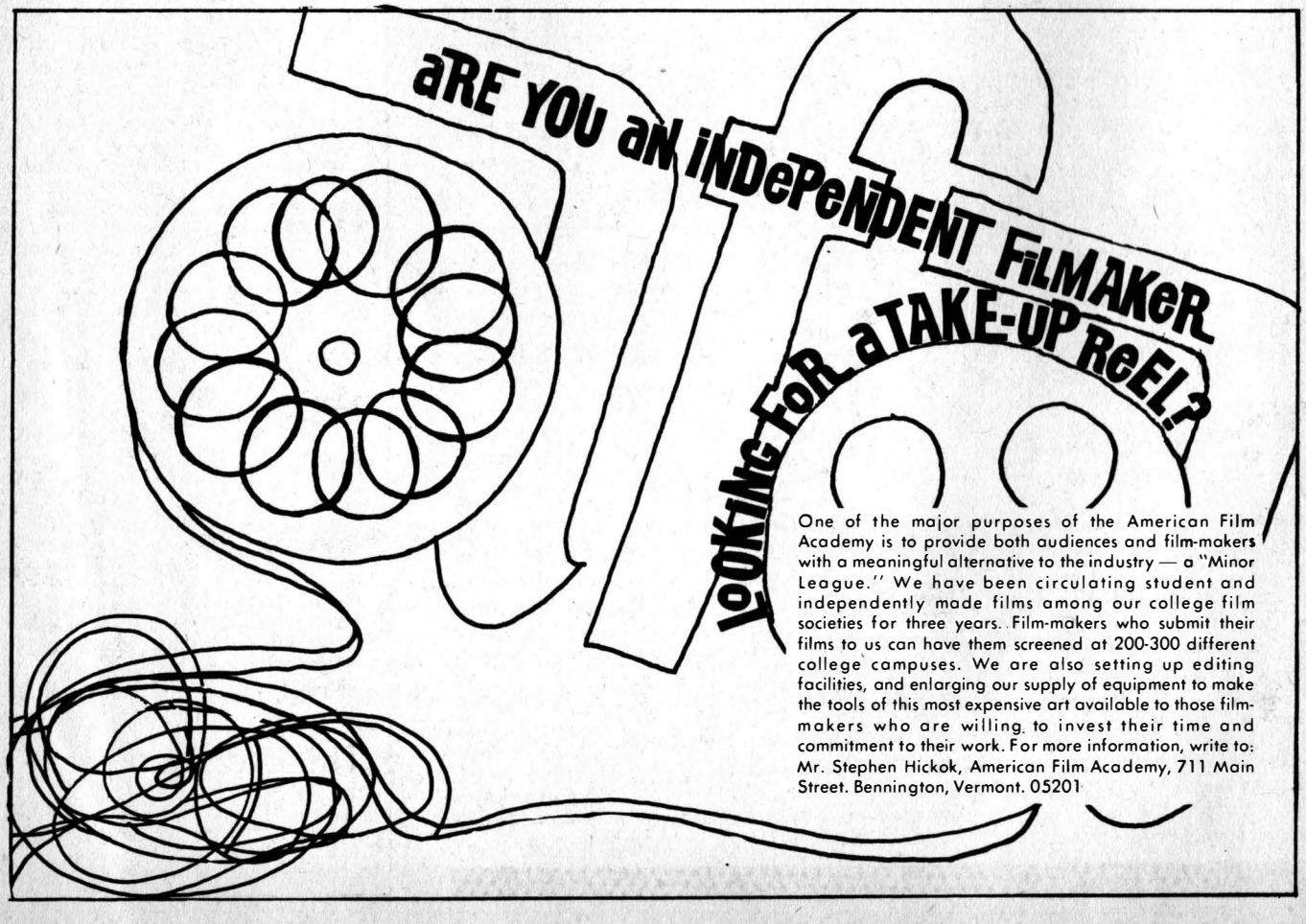


One of the major purposes of the American Film Academy is to provide both audiences and film-makers with a meaningful alternative to the industry — a "Minor League." We have been circulating student and independently made films among our college film societies for three years. Film-makers who submit their films to us can have them screened at 200-300 different college campuses. We are also setting up editing facilities, and enlarging our supply of equipment to make the tools of this most expensive art available to those film-makers who are willing to invest their time and commitment to their work. For more information, write to: Mr. Stephen Hickok, American Film Academy, 711 Main Street. Bennington, Vermont. 05201

CREDITS

ANNE BEATTS is a young Montreal writer.

GRETCHEN BERG is a New York freelance photographer who has spent most of her 24 years in the inner circle of international filmmaking.

A Montreal filmmaker, RONALD BLUMER is perhaps best known in his capacity as an actor.

RANDI BREHM is Educational Director for the American Film Academy.

GABRIEL BRETON is a Professor of Psychology at Montreal's Sir George Williams University.

Talented young Toronto filmmaker-editor ALAN COLLINS is currently enjoying what it is hoped will be a brief sabbatical.

Hellzapoppin' usherette Jody Gilbert has replaced Florence Bates in GLEN HUNTER's pantheon.

LEON LEWIS & WILLIAM SHERMAN were colleagues in the English Department at the State University of New York at Buffalo when they wrote the book (*Landscape of Contemporary Cinema*, published by the Buffalo Spectrum Press, State University of New York, Buffalo, N.Y., 1967, $1.50) in which their present article forms a postscript. Bill Sherman has since joined (1) the Department of American Studies of Britain's University of Hull, and (2) the masthead of *Take One*.

ANDREW LUCAS (this issue's cover artist) is a new Montreal graphic designer for hire.

HERBERT F. OSTRACH is the director of Filmboard-NSEC, a Boston-based service organization of consultants in screen education.

DAVE PATRICK is sort of an iconoclastic Peter Pan disguised as a radio announcer at CJAD in Montreal. His qualifications as a film critic are based on the firm belief that his taste and judgement are as good as anyone's. That may well be "the courage born of ignorance," but that's his bag.

GERALD PRATLEY's regular CBC radio program, *Pratley at the Movies*, recently celebrated its 20th year on the air. Between recent trips to the film festivals and premieres of three continents, Mr. Pratley has been working on a book about the films of John Frankenheimer to be published next season by London's Tantivy Press.

FEEDBACK

In reference to the review of Personna by the inspired "Poet" (sic) Mr. Harris (issue 8), it was good of him to attempt to analyse the movie for us. The review was more challenging than the movie. The movie was excellent, the review bad. His sophomoric infatuation with "cosmic order", "existentialism", and his persistent use of alternatives, (six 'perhapses' and seventeen 'or's') made it impossible to establish Mr. Harris' point of view. He neither reviewed Personna as a film, nor was he able to communicate his own interpretation of Bergman's symbolic intent. It is our feeling that this was an unstanced, un-informative review by what is obviously a university articler-cum-intellectual (sic) who has been most unfortunately misdirected and can only be described as a plastic eclectic.

Joe Claener
Harry Bloomfield
Montreal

Persona (*sic*). — Ed.

I have read Bob Russel's articles in your magazine and enjoyed them very much. As I have a great interest in the theories of Mr. McLuhan, "The Next Medium" was especially interesting.

But what I was surprised with most was the "Inter-sex" article. Especially I was shocked by the fact that this was written in the form of a letter from a Japanese scientist. Of course I would not object to such a study at a university. I think that in the future it might be possible and useful for the purpose of really knowing what the human being is, and what the relation is between sensual information and actual sense-reaction at the purely physical level. But at the same time I think that it seems to be somewhat dangerous.

Itsuo Sakane
Tokyo, Japan

Take one from **Ryerson**

The Liverpool Scene

Edited by Edward Lucie-Smith. This unique collage of poetry and photographs brings to light a poetic phenomenon new to the English literary landscape. These are poems of the city, and the city is Liverpool, where these works have made their impact by being spoken and listened to in darkened coffee houses and dank cellars along the Mersey River. Dedicated "To the Beatles without whom &c" $4.95.

Fifty works of English Literature we could do without

By Brigid Brophy, Michael Levey and Charles Osborne. Most of us, the authors contend, have at one time or another put up with the boring and the pretentious and the badly written simply because we have been taught reverence for 'the classics'. In this bright attempt to pave the way to a new approach in the study of "Eng. Lit." the authors have "written this book on the principle enunciated by Coleridge: 'Praises of the unworthy are felt by ardent minds as robberies of the deserving.'" $4.95

History of Costume

By Faith Jacques and Margaret Stavridi. In brilliant illustrations and vivid text these two magnificent volumes relate the development of style and dress to their historical and social backgrounds. These valuable books offer a wealth of detailed information covering the period 1600-1900. Each $18.75

The Ryerson Press

299 Queen St. W., Toronto 2B

it's a bird, it's a plane, it's...
THE BIRDS
by Alfred Hitchcock

I suppose that **The Birds** is probably the most prodigious job ever done. I don't know whether you are aware of what we call double printing, but we have a system called the travelling mat process.

Let us assume that we're going to photograph two men talking on the corner of Fifth Avenue, New York and we're shooting the picture in June, but the story requires a snow-covered street. Now, normally in a scene like this they'd shoot the background, and we'd put it on a screen and stand the two men in front of it. In this particular case you can't do that because you're making the picture in June. So what you do is photograph the two men against a white background, and then the film is put away.

Now, say the picture isn't going out until the following year. The first snows come to New York in November. The cameraman goes out and sets the camera up roughly where the two men have stood and photographs Fifth Avenue in the snow. That film is brought to the studio — the lab — and they work on what is called the optical printer. The first film that goes into the printer is the raw stuff — the unexposed film — and against that the negative of Fifth Avenue.

Now, a print is made of the two men in front of the white backing and is overdeveloped to such a degree that the two men become silhouettes. So you add that as a third film to go through the printer. Thus you have a raw film, Fifth Avenue, and this black silhouette of two men talking.

In the printer, the black portion of the men has prevented the light from going through, so that the only part exposed onto the raw film is Fifth Avenue around the two men. If you were to develop that film at that moment and run it on a screen, you would get Fifth Avenue and two white silhouettes. Of course you don't develop it, you just rewind the film and start again.

Now, what is the negative of the two men? We shot them against a white background, therefore the white background in the negative is black. So you just put this negative and the already partly-exposed raw film through a printer a second time and now you have the men being printed in the space provided for them — the unexposed portion of the film. That is what is called a travelling mat.

Now, of course over the years that's all changed. When we come to do **The Birds,** this is what we are going to do: We're going to have children running down the street and we have the problem of overlaying the ravens. We had about thirty or forty ravens who were trained to fly from one perch to another in the studio against a plain background.

But *now* we're in colour. So, in order to get a silhouette (we must have a silhouette, otherwise it will ghost — like two snaps on one film), we photograph in colour against a yellow background (the same light that they use for fog lamps on cars). This sodium light, as it is called, is a colour that is the narrowest band on the spectrum of light and comes out black. It's the only colour that won't photograph.

So now you have your coloured image and a black background. At the same time there is a prism — a lens which makes two images. One goes through in colour and the other is reflected through

a red filter onto an ordinary black-and-white film, so that you make your silhouette at the same time as you're making your scene. So that when you put the two together you have the negative of the children running down the street and the silhouette of the birds printed first and the real birds afterwards. So they're overlayed.

Now, you don't hold that scene for very long — you hold it for a flash. Then you go to a close-up of one of the children and you throw a live trained bird onto the shoulder of the child. And it's the intercutting, the quick intercutting, that gives you the illusion of the scene in close-up and in distance and so forth.

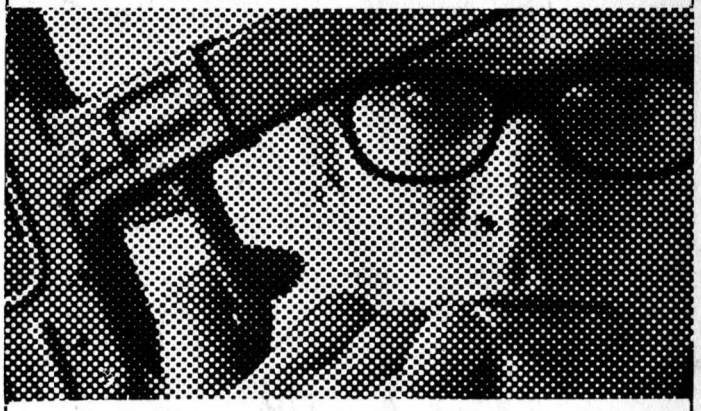
One of the most spectacular shots in **The Birds** was a high shot showing seagulls going down to attack a town. Now, we didn't have a full town out there, we had a dockside and so forth. So we put the camera on a hill of the studio where they were building a new car park. In our scene we had a gas station on fire and a trail of flaming gas toward a car park. That we staged way below the studio. But all the rest was nothing — we just marked it out with lines so that people could only run in a certain direction. The mat-artist painted a painting of the view from above the harbour, except he blacked out the live portion — the flame and the people running. These two — live portion and mat — are printed together. So that now, when we look at it on the screen, it's as though you're in a helicopter or high up in a balloon. There's a whole town, there's a blaze, and people running.

Now the next problem: having the birds fly down. We hired an island off the coast and put a camera on a high cliff. We brought the gulls around with fish behind the camera and then threw the fish over the cliff. And with the camera on the beach below. When this film was shown we looked at it and there it was: a cliffside, surf, beach, with gulls going down.

Now, two women took this film frame by frame — each little frame. Only fifteen feet in all, but it took them three months to transfer by painting each individual bird onto a plain background. They also painted the silhouette of each bird. And that's the way the birds were printed over the scene and they were seen going down. That lasted ten seconds on the screen — we took three months to do it.

READ YOUR FAVOURITE FILMS IN

PENGUIN



BILLION DOLLAR BRAIN — Len Deighton

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THE COMEDIANS — Graham Greene

Blazing bestseller of politics and passion in tropical Haiti. Picture features Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Alec Guinness and Peter Ustinov. .95

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Superb study of loneliness now filmed by Bryan Forbes. Dame Edith Evans nominated for Academy Award as Best Actress of the Year. .85

THE OUTSIDER (THE STRANGER) — Albert Camus .85

MONKEY PLANET (PLANET OF THE APES) —Pierre Boule .85

—AND THESE WHICH YOU MAY HAVE SEEN BUT NOT READ:

Room at the Top, Life at the Top, Lucky Jim, The L-Shaped Room, You're a Big Boy Now, The Horse's Mouth, Lord Jim, Funeral in Berlin, The African Queen, Lord of the Flies, Doctor in Clover, The Cruel Sea, Inside Daisy Clover, The Pumpkin Eater, Animal Farm, Of Human Bondage, Ticket of Leave (Cop-Out), Billy Liar, The Loved One, Call For the Dead (The Deadly Affair) and many more

LOOK FOR PENGUINS WHERE GOOD BOOKS ARE SOLD — ASK FOR A COMPLETE CATALOGUE — PENGUIN — THE PAPERBACK PIONEER WITH THE LARGEST PRESTIGE LIST IN THE WORLD!

gerald pratley...

NOW ENTIRELY IN ENGLISH!

In this way, the dubbed version of another foreign feature is advertised — as if stripping the film of its original language was a triumphant achievement, rather than a grievous mutilation of the original work! But this phrase, "now entirely in English" is being seen more frequently in the advertisements for foreign language films indicating that exhibitors running specialised cinemas will, wherever possible, slip in a dubbed version instead of using the original language with sub-titles in English or French. And unless audiences are alert and constantly vociferous, the exhibitors will continue to do this until no sub-titled versions will be shown. Already, the use of sub-titled prints in cities outside Toronto, Montreal and Vancouver is a rarity. And so, discussion of dubbing versus sub-titling needs to be taken up again.

To be fair, exhibitors do have a problem because audiences as a whole dislike sub-titles. One expects this from people who as children received a poor education in reading, never advancing beyond the "see Dick run" stage and, as a result, seldom read anything other than comics.

More suprising are the number of people who like to think themselves part of 'the discriminating audience' and see nothing wrong with dubbing.

It is interesting to reflect that objections to reading sub-titles come from audiences at a time when the public is considered to be literate. The protests are based on the belief that "when I go to the movies I want to look at the visuals and listen to dialogue, not to read it."

This is understandable, yet reading sub-titles is not difficult once an individual adjusts to it. "When I'm reading, I don't see the picture" is a common and huffy complaint. The art of reading sub-titles is that of taking in picture and words at the same time, and it takes very little practice to do this.

It may not be entirely satisfactory but the alternative is worse. I'm tired of hearing the defenders of dubbing say that this technique is acceptable if it is done well. It never is. And I'm tired of hearing the proponents of dubbing, particularly the barbarians who carry it out, tell me that my objection to dubbing is based on old techniques, and that when I see the 'new method' they are using now I shall be impressed and never know the film was dubbed. I always know!

It is inconceivable to me that any intelligent person who claims to recognize art could defend the practice of taking an actor's voice away from him and substituting that of another, the other usually being a non-actor of vastly inferior talent. The voice is such an important part of an actor's performance as a whole that to remove it is to ruin his total effect.

When an actor speaks his lines he does so after many rehearsals and 'takes'. He has become the character he is playing, he feels the mood, the moment, the situation — his voice will reflect all these qualities and emotions. The sound engineer will have balanced and recorded it in harmony and perspective with the voices of the other actors; it will have been sensitively 'mixed' with sound effects and music and the whole will be a finished, deeply felt performance.

No one but a soulless, money-grubbing promoter would take this creation, strip it away, and substitute the flat, disembodied, toneless, expressionless unfelt voices of the hacks employed to dub. And most of them are hacks, for no self-respecting actor would take away another's voice and presume to 'speak for him'.

The voice is so powerful and so persuasive that it becomes the man, or the woman. Imagine Garbo, Bette Davis, Bogart, Olivier, Guinness, and a host of other actors whose voices we respond to, speaking to us from the screen without them. And how critics can properly describe an actor's performance when his voice belongs to another person amazes me. We have always been led to believe that European audiences and critics are far more intelligent than those in North America. Yet the public in North America as a whole, in spite of dubbed versions, still see more original foreign-language films than moviegoers in Europe. Some of the supposedly erudite French critics, who write about the simplest aspects of cinema in such complicated terms, have written at great length about a star such as John Wayne without ever seeing one of his films in which his voice was heard!

Nothing in the cinema offends or enrages me more than dubbing. I don't care how clever it is technically, it never works. The hacks are sitting there in the dubbing room watching the clock and the screen trying to synchronise their dialogue with the lip movements of the original actors: they speed up or slow down, they are not acting or feeling the part, they assume conventional accents turning say, a French policeman or Italian gangster into his American or British opposite number. The voices become gravelly, strained, high pitched, rushed, out of balance, seeming not to be part of the original actor's body, the level is not in keeping with the perspective of the visuals. Both sound and music

suffer. It is all wrong, it is the destruction of what was art. And the more cadence, rhythm and flavour a language has, the more rapidly it is spoken, the more atrocious are the efforts to make the characters appear to be speaking English.

The defenders of dubbing cast scorn upon us by ridiculing our request for Italian films in their own language. "Don't you know that all the dialogue in Italian films is dubbed in afterwards?" they say triumphantly. Perhaps it is, but at least it's dubbed by the actors who played the parts, speaking their own lines.

A good deal of dubbing or 'looping' goes on in British and American films by actors who must re-record their lines when location shooting was marred by extraneous noises, but again, they are feeling their original portrayals, and their recording is still within the original creative process. To those who hold up Italian films as an example of inconsistency on the part of those who prefer sub-titled prints: advocates of original languages do not necessarily ignore faulty or false dubbing in foreign films, even when it is in the same language.

It is because an actor's voice is so important to him at the time he is acting a scene that Rex Harrison insisted on his songs in **My Fair Lady** and **Doctor Dolittle** being recorded as he sang them at the time of filming, rather than singing to the play-back of the pre-recorded songs — the customary practice in musicals.

Dubbing leads to extraordinarily silly practices in international co-productions: Michael Craig is dubbed by an Italian in Visconti's **Sandra**, but when the film is dubbed into English, a dubbing actor, not Craig, is used. Conversely, Sophia Loren speaks her lines in English in her Anglo-US films, but when they are dubbed into Italian, another voice is used! And Burt Lancaster tells astonishing tales about making **The Leopard**, in which Alain Delon spoke French, Claudia Cardinale spoke Italian, and Lancaster spoke English, all in one scene at times without each of them knowing what the others were saying. This is hybrid cinema at its very worst.

The dubbing studios and those in the film trade who prefer to hear everything in English (or American) and who would like to banish sub-titles once and for all, are extremely powerful, and they are supported by exhibitors who abhor anything which sounds foreign or is different from the great stream of that which is safe and comfortingly ordinary. It is up to every moviegoer who believes in the purity of cinema to protest most strongly every time a specialised cinema tries to get away with a dubbed version of a foreign language film, even to the extent of staying away. By accepting dubbed films, we shall soon lose the sound of language and the voices of great artists.

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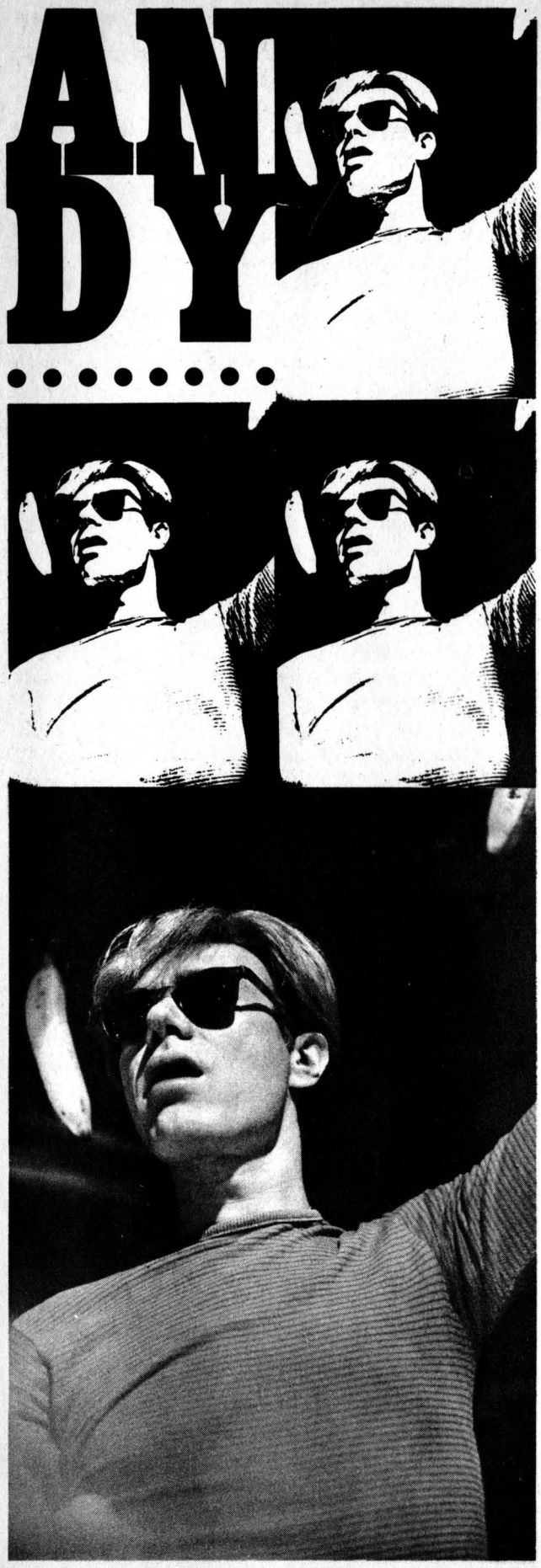


Time: 1965. I am 22 years old. I've left my family. For a short while, I discover "A".

There was a party at the Cinémathèque. I walked up to Andy Warhol and said I'd like to do an interview with him. "Alright," he replied, "but I never say anything." "That's okay," I said. A few days later, I was in a dingy elevator. I looked up and saw it had no ceiling. As it creaked upwards, music came down to meet me. It stopped in front of a massive gray door. This door had no handle or keyhole but it had a secret. It was not an ordinary elevator door that slid aside. Finally, I realized that I should give it a heavy push, and I opened it.

I saw:

walls, ceiling, heating-pipes covered in tinfoil
seated on sagging couches and over-stuffed armchairs
endlessly reading comic-books, fashion magazines, movie magazines, the TV Guide,
drinking Cokes
looking at pictures of themselves:
sycophants,
celebrity-hunters,
girls hoping for a Superstar part,
photographers,
writers,
kids fascinated and never going home or back to Columbia,
boys waiting to be discovered, nervous,
already-arrived Superstars in their feathers, nails, leather, shrilly pronouncing the name of "Andy" as though he is expected to arrive any minute and turn the lights on them, start the cameras rolling, make them tell their hysterical and never-ending tales, and relieve them of their burdens, all the while, listening to the music dim in the background under the staggering, shimmering, stupefying madness of the silver, seen through their minute sun-glasses.

Later, it seemed as if rock and roll was always playing from the portable phonograph, piped through stereo speakers, but, strangely enough, on that first day, it was Stravinsky's "Petroushka."

Andy arrived. He is a small-boned man of medium height and indeterminate age, thin, with pale, white skin and spreading, fleshy lips, like a sea plant. His hair is silvery, long and wavy. His face, without the constant shades, is defenceless and naked. Absorbed in something, he looks like a little boy. His voice is soft, his handshake negligible. His manner is friendly and

impersonal, the quintessence of cool. He does exercises every morning.

We talked. I resolved to come back next week. I came back for six months.

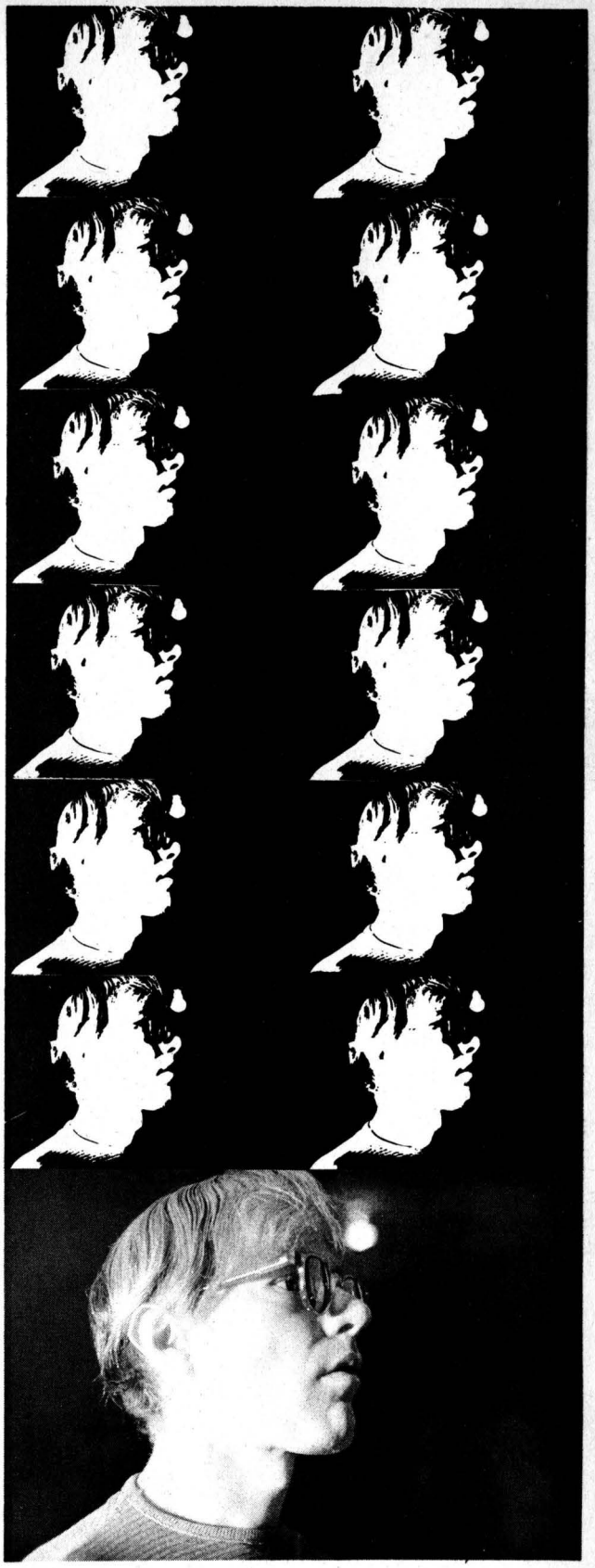
I found that under his often frivolous conversation and long silences was an extremely clever and shrewd businessman, with an uncanny feeling for the right moment in the art world and in his own career, when to stop painting and start making films. When I met him, he was on the brink of the change-over from one to the other. I found a man who, though plagued by offers, autographs, publicity, neighborhood cops, time, actors, personalities, socialites and art critics could explain the silk-screening method to me, encourage my own graphic work, suggest I take them to the Castelli Gallery that exhibited his own work and use his name, and let me talk to him and photograph him.

He wore tight, white, wide-wale corduroy pants, a cardboard silver belt and striped pullover, floated helium-filled silver pillows down 47th St. and Lexington Avenue out of the Factory window, talked to people who wasted his time, watched the men working out in the YMCA across the street and worked in the corner of his studio (filled with hangers-on) with a creative, single-minded obsession.

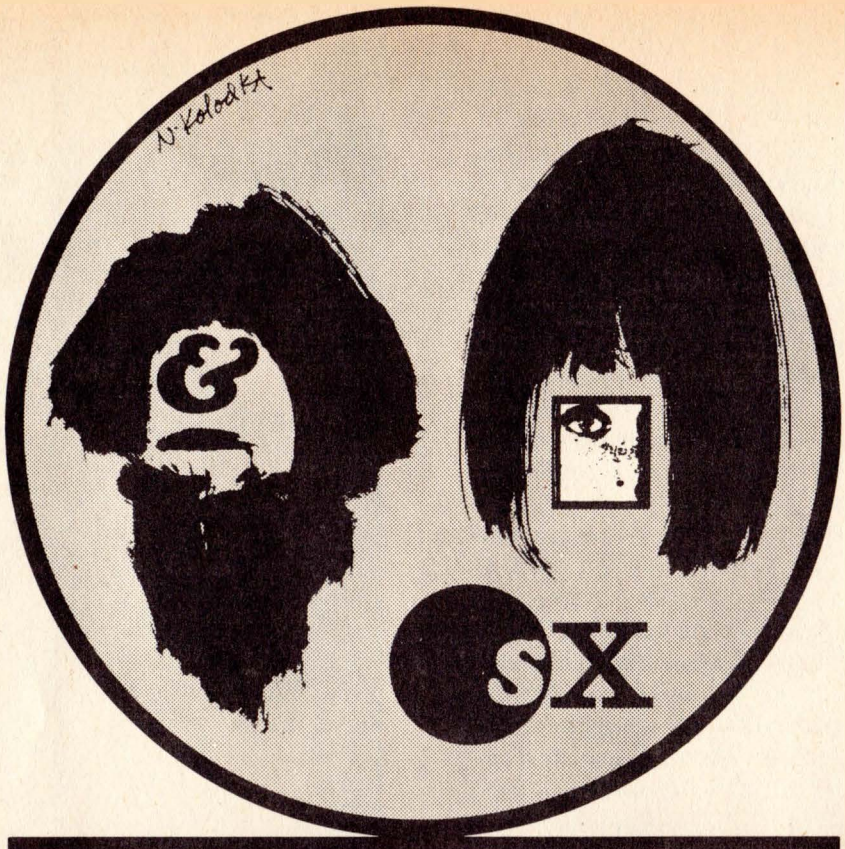
This was The Factory, called so by him because he turned out a movie every day and a painting every day and a poster every day. He is Cecil B. DeMille and he is also Jean Rouch. He is the movie mogul of Hollywood with stars at his command and works in a Hollywood-studio ressurrected; but he 'documents', he 'records', and he 'photographs' reality — not the reality of common-sense perception, but the reality changed and created out of his own imagination.

We went, night after night, to The Dom, the Pleasure Dome in the East Village before the promoters took it over as Big Business, where Andy's Light Show was the big attraction and Warhol himself supervised the lights from the glass-walled booth. As a latter-day God he brought his angels to Earth: the gutter-snipe cherub Gerard Malanga dancing to whips with Mary Woronov, the Future-Woman; Andy's discovery Nico, blonde moon-goddess who crooned her songs sitting on the bar counter while her blonde little son Ari played at her feet; and his rock and roll band, the cat-like and surly Velvet Underground played for her. Ingrid Superstar and Réne Ricard, International Velvet and Ondine, they seemed doomed — a generation of future victims, like pre-World War II Berlin.

And all this I saw in 1965 before the mass media take-over of Andy Warhol began, in New York when I was 22.



words & photos by
GRETCHEN BERG



ANNE BEATTS
double feature

Sex and movies
two ways to turn me inside out
if only i could figure out
a way to do both at once
wouldn't it be beautiful
project movies on the ceiling
and while we twisted on the bed
in our own cinematic cliches
(stars and rockets, firecrackers going off
even a few waves coming in)
scarlett o'hara would be fleeing to tara
atlanta behind her in flames
sal mineo dying in james dean's arms
marlon brando taking off his undershirt
the people on the titanic going down with the ship
all the movies ever made
exploding all at once
catching fire
falling down from the ceiling in flames
burning the paint
the walls
the bed
both of us entangled in strips of burning celluloid
a whole world on fire.

GODARD in HOLLYWOOD

Q. — What is your view of the Hollywood film today?

GODARD: My friends who have gone to Hollywood — for example, Roman Polanski. I consider this a tragedy and prefer not to speak about it. Independent directors who have gone to Hollywood make mediocre films, but that's only in terms of the current standing of Hollywood films — which have greatly deteriorated in recent years. Ten years ago a film that was just a Hollywood film might have been a very good film. The standards of Hollywood have gone down.

Wednesday, Feb. 28. "Godard in Hollywood", at the University of Southern California. Panelists: filmmakers Samuel Fuller, King Vidor, Roger Corman and critic-filmmaker Peter Bogdonovich. Moderator: L.A. Times critic Kevin Thomas. Although an interpreter was present M. Godard rarely used him.

GODARD: When I heard about this panel—me and Hollywood directors—and when I heard about the names who were coming . . . I think I don't want to be provocative . . . but it seems to me that all of you up to now, each for very different reasons of course, are no more Hollywood directors than I am. I mean you, Sam Fuller, it's very difficult for you to make a picture in Hollywood, much more difficult than perhaps 10 years ago. For you, Roger

Q. — Do you mean that you are trying to change the audience?

GODARD: Well, yes! We are trying to change the world.

Corman, I must say I don't know, but it seems you are apart—you maybe work through the Hollywood system but not within it. For you, Mr. Vidor, I'm really ashamed of what has happened to people like Joseph Von Sternberg or Fritz Lang, or in France people like Jean Renoir. You have invented a lot of things in Hollywood. For example, maybe you remember in Orson Welles' **The Trial,** there is a very famous sequence in which the main character is crossing a huge room with only desks in it. Everyone said this is very good, very effective, but it comes from a film of 10 or 15 years ago by Billy Wilder. But nobody said Billy Wilder's sequence was taken from one you did in **The Crowd.** Nobody even remembers it, even among the critics. So that's why this panel is not me and Hollywood. We are all outside of Hollywood here.

VIDOR: I agree. This is the first time I've ever been supposed to defend Hollywood. It's a new experience for me. On that picture, **The Crowd,** you said no one remembered it, except Billy Wilder. He came to me and said, "Will you come look at my set. I think you had 200 desks, didn't you? Well, I have 200 also. Is this the way you had it?" I said yes, Billy, that's it.

(Audience laughter)

But I said mine was shot from the air, a high shot. He said he was going to shoot his from the stage. So it's very flattering that you remember that.

CORMAN: One way to phrase the problem would be to say Hollywood is "deteriorating." But I personally prefer to say Hollywood is "changing." Not altogether for the worse. The Hollywood you may remember—the great days of Hollywood which were the 20's, 30's and through the mid-40's—were a result of an extremely unusual group of circumstances. Domestically, motion pictures dominated the popular entertainment scene. The studios owned their own distribution outlets and their own theaters. At the same time in Europe many actors, writers and technicians left or fled to the United States. So for a brief period in the history of cinema Hollywood represented a concentration of the greatest talent and greatest economic power in the world.

With the Consent Decree from the United States government, which broke the studios' monopoly on exhibition; with the coming of television, and with the emergence of the very powerful and influential cinema of Europe after the war—all these things contributed to the breakup of Hollywood. Television represents today what Hollywood was in the 30's. The kind of controlled outlet, where something is made for a network, is put on a network, and has no essential competition. Whereas I think the vital part of Hollywood today is that which is exactly opposite to what Hollywood was at one time.

FULLER: Jean-Luc Godard has made some pictures that—each one, as far as I'm concerned—have elements of something that excite me personally and should excite anyone who's a movie maker. And I'm not saying this because he's sitting here, or because I like his work, or the fact that I was even an actor for about 12 seconds in one of his movies—and was not paid for it.

He was kind enough to ask me to play myself in a cocktail party scene in a picture called **Pierrot le Fou**. I was there planning a movie that was never made. And I was asked what I was doing in Paris and I explained, and I was asked what the cinema is by the star Belmondo and I explained. He was a very easy director to work with. Very, very nice. Very fast; and as far as I was concerned I felt very much at home. But I'd rather not go into detail on **Pierrot le Fou** unless you all see it—so I can get some fan letters, because I didn't, and I was very good in that picture.

THOMAS: Your appearance in **Pierrot le Fou** brings up a point about M. Godard's films, all the way from **Breathless** through **La Chinoise**—he has always had a reference to some American filmmaker. In **La Chinoise** it was Nicholas Ray. However, I've noticed you seem to be moving away from any extended references or motifs from other movies. I mean, **Breathless** owed so much to the Monogram "B" film. But you seem to be moving away from that.

GODARD: Well, it's only because when I made **Breathless** I thought I was doing something very precise. I thought I was doing a thriller movie or a gangster movie, but when I saw the print for the first time I discovered what I'd done was completely different from what I supposed. I thought I was making **The Son of Scarface** or **The Return of Scarface**, and I discovered I'd made **Alice In Wonderland**, more or less. So I said to myself, you must be sick, man. You have to watch what you are doing. So when I began my second film I said to myself: you have to be very aware you're doing a movie, and not in a dream. So maybe that's why I'm always saying—even in the picture—this is a movie: this is not a dream.

In **La Chinoise** none of the actors were really Marxist-Leninists. For the interviews, I prepared them in the general sense. For example, let's say Jean-Pierre Léaud: I said to him, I will talk to you about that and that and that and that, and you will answer that and that and that — but the way you want. So that he was aware of the questions before and he knew the general way of answering but not the particular details.

Q. — Did you ask the actors to study about Marxism-Leninism?

GODARD: Yes I did, but they didn't do it.

You can imagine what
Hollywood was like for Godard.
The Mafia was lined up downstairs
in the lobby of the Beverly Hilton,
or whatever it is, waiting to have
him make the new **Blow-Up.**
And he was hurling the scripts
into the bathroom as fast as
they'd come in the front door.
And they said, this man's crazy.
They didn't understand
how he detested them.
Yet they came in thinking that
he would find them friends;
they were bringing money
and backing to make the films
he wanted. But what he
knew was that they wanted
to make the films he hated.
And so finally he said,
"If they want me to make a film
they should get me a novel
and I'll make it just that way.
I'll put it on the floor
and I'll film it page by page."

D.A. Pennebaker
at University
of Rochester,
April 1968.

CORMAN: That brought up one point. What you just said—to be aware that this is a movie—is that the reason you photographed the slate (director's clapboard) several times during **La Chinoise?**

GODARD: Yes. Why not? Because the real subject is not **La Chinoise.** It's a movie making itself which is called **La Chinoise.** It's both together. The subject is not only the actors but the artistic way of showing them. Both together. They are not separate. There is a quote in **La Chinoise** which I would like to say. The young painter says "Art is not a reflection of reality. It's the reality of a reflection." To me it means something. Art is not only a mirror. There is not only the reality and then the mirror — camera. I mean, I thought it was like that when I made **Breathless,** but later I discovered you can't separate the mirror from the reality. You can't distinguish them clearly. I think the movie is not a thing which is taken by the camera; the movie is the reality of the movie moving from reality to the camera. It's between them. The camera is just part of the reality.

CORMAN: I think Bergman did that in **Persona**, didn't he? He let the film run out at the end.

GODARD: Yes, in **Persona.** I think it's good to say to the audience—sometimes, not always—only when it matters to the subject—to say: "This is a movie, and it is this particular kind of movie." You must not avoid the fact that you are doing a movie. After all, the great theater, from Shakespeare to Pirandello—the subject of "Hamlet": there was a stage on the stage, you know, always.

VIDOR: Do you think it's necessary for a filmmaker to know ahead of time exactly what he's trying to say? Do you have to tell people your stories in order to get financing?

GODARD: In the beginning, yes. Just right now in France I'm happy enough not to tell anybody what's going on. Just because I don't know. But because of that they'll give me very little money. When I begin a picture I have a clear viewpoint but a very general one. Doing the picture is just clearing that viewpoint even further. If you can write everything very clearly you are a writer; you don't need to make a movie. But if you are doing a movie it's because you need to go to the movies to know more about what you want to say.

VIDOR: You've touched upon probably the number-one difficulty in Hollywood today. Great amounts are paid for bestseller books and Broadway stage plays, and it's difficult for a man to tell an original story. Even to get anyone to listen to it. They buy packages now. M. Godard, have you mentioned the cost of your pictures, or would you rather not?

GODARD: They are much less than yours. My biggest budget was never as big as your small budgets. I spoke of "deterioration" instead of "change" as Roger Corman did. This is a point; today, if you compare even to 10 or 15 years ago—notice I'm not speaking of 30 years

ago — there are almost no more original scripts. And to me the American screen-writers were the greatest in the world. We had no screenwriters in Europe as good as yours. Ben Hecht, for example, is forgotten today, but in my opinion he invented 80 per cent of what is used in American movies today. Now it all comes out of books. Even good directors don't invent. I can't understand how they can do that. Today a movie is no longer a movie. It's Xerox print out of a book.

BOGDONOVICH: There is perhaps only one man in this town—and that is Roger Corman—to whom you can say, "Look, I have an idea for a movie," and he'll listen. And if he likes it you can make the picture for a small budget. The industry is beginning to break down in that respect, I think.

FULLER: All this talk about "little" pictures and "big" pictures is misleading. A big budget and a little plot don't add up to a "big" picture in my opinion. Take Jean-Luc Godard's **Band of Outsiders**—there is a scene in there that will stand up to anything ever conceived by any writer or filmmaker. If he had a different cast and it were shown at the Music Hall or something like that you wouldn't say "little" picture. Even though it would not be expensive. There are these two guys burglarizing a house with stockings over their faces. As they're rummaging around, one stops and looks in the mirror, straightens his tie. The other stops to browse through a bookcase as you would in any bookshop. He takes a book and puts it in his pocket and goes on with the robbery.

Now if Godard had Cary Grant with a stocking over his face, they'd say "Oh, this is wonderful!" What burns me up is that he didn't have Cary Grant. If Godard had made that picture with Grant and Jean Arthur or Irene Dunn or Roz Russell they wouldn't call it an "art" picture. They'd just say this is one hell of a movie. So that's what I mean about Godard's films. There is always something in them you can't resist, whether you like them or not. It's the drive of his continuity. That's why other directors like his work. And that's why I'm proud. And I'm not trying to be in his next picture.

(Laughter)

Let me give you an example about stars. I know six months before they made **Bonnie and Clyde** the actors in it were not what you call top rank stars. Now it's a smash hit. I like a picture that has no one in it. And it smothered them at the box-office. Smashed them, crushed them like little gnats.

AUDIENCE: Because of the popularity of people like M. Godard, is there more acceptance of the personal film in Hollywood today?

CORMAN: Definitely. The function of the avant-garde traditionally has been to show the way and the commercial film follows. Directors all over the world have made films of increasing personal power. This has influenced Americans. And as these films achieve acceptance — the people running the studios are not total idiots — they begin to see. They begin to allow their directors to move on a more personal level. M. Godard, your films play only in so-called "art houses" here, but I understand that in France they play in straight commercial houses as well.

GODARD: Yes, but in France, art houses are not so separate from commercial ones. For instance, in Paris the art house business is better than the commercial ones.

AUDIENCE: Mr. Corman, how does your personal vision show in a movie like **The St. Valentine's Day Massacre?**

CORMAN: I was trying to state very objectively exactly what happened at a certain time, the twenties. I did not try to editorialize, although it's inevitable you must — you editorialize by where you put your camera, the way you cast an actor. I was trying to do an objective, almost documentary film about the 1920's with the hope that maybe somebody might see it and say "well it hasn't changed that much."

AUDIENCE: M. Godard, do you believe there are ideal conditions under which to make a film, or would you say the conditions under which the film is made — the difficulties — become a part of the film?

GODARD: I think it is good to have difficulties. It is just like in life: you have to work your way through difficulties. Ideal conditions differ from one country to another. For me it would be in a socialist country. But of course, no one agrees what is good socialism or what is not. And up to now, for example, what I saw in East Europe where movies are controlled by government people, the situation is as bad as here. Young independent filmmakers have as much trouble as we have. The only country in which it is working well now is Yugoslavia where Stalinism is gone. The producers — even if they are working for the state — are much more independent. Another such country is Cuba, because after the revolution the movie industry was given to movie-goers who were clever and intelligent. But it's not true in Czechoslovakia. All the people I know there, like Milos Forman or Vera Chitylova, have to discuss their scripts in detail with government officials. And if you make a film and it doesn't please the officials they just revoke your passport or put you in jail. After all, they are not doing that here. I mean, up to now.

(Laughter)

AUDIENCE: M. Godard, are you concerned more with making movies or with making social commentary?

GODARD: I see no difference between the two.

La Chinoise is a film of montage. I shot each shot of the film without knowing where it would be placed in the finished movie. When I thought I'd shot enough I stopped. I had a basic underlying idea which was very clear — the one that is expressed in the conclusion of the film. It's because I had this very clear basic notion of the film that I was able to film it a little bit haphazardly.

> Even in living a day of life you don't improvise completely. I try to make a film as if I was just living a day of my life. If I am free in making movies it's because I don't have a preconceived notion of what I want to do.

VIDOR: There's a saying scribbled on a wall here in the USC film department: "Don't live it if you can't film it."

CORMAN: That would make for a pretty dull life.

AUDIENCE: M. Godard, when you work with an actor, does very much occur that you do not plan? Do you set up situations that allow free things to happen that you then photograph and use?

GODARD: I can only discuss the way I'm working now. I don't remember two or three years ago. Just now I have a story or idea in mind. I need actors, but I don't like to call them actors — just people. I don't care if they are actors or not. I just want them to be in a situation which is not a real situation for them — a fiction situation — but I want them to be in this fiction exactly as they would be in life. I want them to be at ease in the situation I've created. Even though the situation is false for them, they will nevertheless be real, since they are, in fact, real people. If in real life the thing happened to them that is happening in my film, they would react normally to it. That is what I want them to do in my movies.

CORMAN: It seems to me that over a period of years you have moved farther from rigid structure, I get the impression you're using consistently more and more improvisation.

GODARD: That's true, but I don't call it improvisation. But I do try to avoid everything that is too rigid. What I like about an actor is that he brings a great deal to a scenario. To the extent that if it were another actor it would be another film entirely. For example, in **Contempt,** I asked for permission to use Kim Novak and Frank Sinatra, because I had more money than usual. (Laughter). Permission was not granted. But it would have been a much different movie if it had been Kim Novak instead of Brigitte Bardot. In **Pierrot le Fou,** I had in mind Michel Picolli and Sylvie Vartan, the French pop singer. That didn't work out so I asked for Anna Karina and Richard Burton. I wound up with Karina and Belmondo, but I'm not sorry for it. I'm glad. The picture would have been different with Burton, that's all.

I bring at least 50 per cent of the actor into the picture. Not his private life, but his way of thinking, his way of speaking. I don't want to teach him or to oblige him to do things he doesn't want to do. I may teach him things he doesn't know, but I don't want to force him. I'm not a gestapo, I'm a director. When I'm shooting the face of the actor there are two things: I'm shooting his face because it's needed for the movie, but behind that comes something else which is the actor's face itself. And the process of photographing that face. And it always changes my initial purpose in the film. Sometimes more than others.

CORMAN: Are there any disadvantages in working this way?

GODARD: Yes. It's like in science. Working with chance. Like a lot of underground filmmakers are doing. When you work with chance perhaps it's good once and bad a hundred times. And you don't know when it's good or bad, you just hope. I'd like to work both by chance and by control. That's why I consider myself neither a Hollywood director or underground director but between the two.

CORMAN: Since I assume you give the actor certain thoughts you want him to express in his own style, if he does not express those thoughts satisfactorily, will you go for multiple takes, or will you use the first take? Do you think you lose spontaneity with multiple takes?

GODARD: It all depends. Sometimes the first take is best, but sometimes it takes 100 attempts because you want it very precise. What makes me angriest about Hollywood is that they have very preconceived ideas. And those preconceived ideas are so powerful that they are spreading all over the world. Because of economics. I remember asking Delbert Mann on a panel at the Cannes Festival, "Are you aware, Mr. Mann, that when you sign a contract with MGM or Paramount, are you aware that it may prevent a young director in Europe from making movies the way he wants to?" Of course he was not aware.

AUDIENCE: But don't you stay close to your original vision of the picture?

GODARD: Making a movie is not having a dream at night and then going to the studio and making the dream real. A movie is something very different, I believe, both in fiction and documentary. Having an actor is not only having a person who has to act. His real life belongs to the picture, too, and you have to use it. It's not being disloyal to him. Rather, it's like liberating him from slavedom.

CORMAN: That's one of the really great advantages you have working in Europe.

GODARD: Why? You can have it here if you really want it.

CORMAN: Well, within the context of . . .

GODARD: I mean, it's forbidden to shoot in the streets here . . .

CORMAN: No, it's not forbidden.

GODARD: Well, then why do we never see any streets in American movies, except in King Vidor movies of 30 years ago?

> I think that we in Europe, as well as people in Latin America and Asia, have to find new ways of making films and bringing them to the public. Talking of Hollywood, the only thing we talked about was producer, distributor, money. In my analysis we were speaking like slaves. Free slaves, of course, as compared with other people who are real slaves. But our task today is very clear — it is to no longer be slaves.

CANADIAN ARTISTS '68

An open juried exhibition of Painting, Sculpture and Film sponsored by the Art Gallery of Ontario, the Ontario Society of Artists, the Patrons of Canadian Art, the Province of Ontario Council for the Arts; to be held at the Art Gallery of Ontario, November 29th — December 29th, 1968.

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FILM AS FILM

AN APPROACH TO THE STUDY OF CINEMA ON ITS OWN TERMS

RANDI BREHM
Educational Director,
American Film Academy

"What is the purpose of a film study guide?" . . . is the first and most crucial question to be asked. Too often it has seemed that this main criteria has been overlooked. It would appear the creators of study guides today have fallen into the traditional approach to learning and art criticism: there is a body of "correct" information which must be conveyed to, absorbed by, and spewn forth, through the student.

We (at the American Film Academy) have asked this question, and its response is exemplified in the following study guide sample. Learning, it says, is a creative process, a searching, a thinking. Information is not valid only when handed down by a higher intelligence source, but it is, in fact, even more meaningful when discovered, arrived at or realized by the learner. This is particularly important when the concern is with film appreciation. There is no pat answer to the question of what a film is all about. Each individual brings to it his own experiences, his own criteria . . . his own values. These may change through the experience, but will do so successfully only when the change comes from within — from an extended or renewed perception. This then begins to indicate the purpose of a film study guide: to stimulate, encourage and expand the awareness which is brought to, and from, the film experience. Our TV-conditioned student population begs involvement. What sort of involvement ensues from reading a dictum of the "here's what it's all about" variety?

Ideally (since it is film that is the medium, the message, with which we are dealing) it should be film with which film is taught, understood, appreciated. Soon, a film study guide shall *be* film. However, aware of the immediacy of the need, the AFA has created a temporary expedient. Admittedly, an expedient. But one designed to forestall the stifling and pedantic erosion of the natural, spontaneous enthusiasm brought to film today. One designed as a step toward the new, deeper-rooted, methods being researched and developed now. One designed to utilize and explore the nature of film and man.

BILLY LIAR: A STUDY GUIDE

Synopsis:
Billy Fisher is young clerk in the office of a funeral director in contemporary England. He has a vivid imagination and would someday like to be a writer. However, as the story reveals, his imagination and his environment have remained at odds with each other.

Billy Fisher	Tom Courtenay
Liz	Julie Christie
Jeffery Fisher	Wilfred Pickles
Alice Fisher	Mona Washbourne
Grandmother	Ethel Griffies
Barbara	Helen Fraser
Rita	Gwendolyn Watts
Director	John Schlesinger
Producer	Joseph Janni

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CONTENT: THE STORY AND ITS IMPLICATIONS

What did the film help us realize about the environment in which Billy lived and worked?

Did you find any significance in

a) the activities of the funeral director?
b) the supermarket episode?
c) his relationship with his parents and grandmother?

What different philosophies did the girls in Billy's life represent? Any?

(Would the different pictures of each tell us anything about them?)

Did you find a general theme or pattern in Billy's imaginary episodes?

If so, what do you think could be its meaning?

What happened to Billy when he actually did get applause — applause that was *not* imaginary? When was it?

How did you feel when he 'missed' the train?

What do you think about these remarks:

"You're young, and have a long way to go, but you can't do it by yourself."

"It's happening!"

"What I'd like is to be invisible . . ."

Have you ever had these things said to you; or have you ever felt the same way?

THE WAY OF FILM

One's response to a film is often caused by processes which are not always apparent. In the actual construction of a film, there are three 'spheres of influence'; the visuals, the sounds, and the combination of the two — the total film. All the terms and definitions of film language and/or grammar will fall into one of these three areas. Below are listed a few of these terms for which examples can be found in **Billy Liar.** After reading and discussing each definition, look through all the still photographs on pages 21 and 22. Try to remember what went before and after each one in the film itself. Then enter underneath each definition the numbers of the pictures you think best represent an example.*

The Visuals:

Camera angle: By moving the camera up or down from the normal 'eye-level' position, a new aspect of the object, or subject, can be conveyed; a new effect created. What additional meaning does the camera angle in your example give?

Long shot, medium shot and close-up: These three terms refer to the relative position of camera and subject — the long shot being when the camera is farthest away. Very often these three shots are used in varying order to let the viewer grasp an awareness of the whole 'scene', as well as some specific aspects of it. Can you find an example of when these three types of shots were used with the same scene?

* In the actual study guides, as eventually produced for use in individual instruction, the stills would accompany the printed material as gummed stamps or slides.

The Sounds:

Selective use: Customarily, sound is heard when its source is seen (i.e. a person's lips move, his words are heard). However, often voices are heard when no one is speaking, or sounds heard when its source is not seen. Can you find a picture which will show an instance when there was such a selective use of sound? or voice? or music? What do you think was the purpose including this in the film?

The Combination or Total Film:

Sequence: One of the units of construction of a film is the sequence. (One might compare it to a chapter in a book.) It is a succession of shots and their correlated sounds which forms a subordinate idea or concept. A sequence gives meaning to the total film theme, and yet is a complete 'chapter'. Earlier reference was made to the 'supermarket episode.' It could have been referred to as the supermarket sequence. Can you find pictures which would indicate another sequence?

Montage: One of the methods of producing a sequence is that of montage. Montage means to produce an idea or sensation through the use of other ideas or sensations. It is created by the juxtaposition (placing side by side) of shots or series or sequences. When the process of montage is used to create a sequence, it means that several different shots have been placed side by side to present a new idea or sensation. An example of this might be the sequence in the graveyard. Can you explain why . . . or disagree? Are there other examples you can find?

1a

2a

3a

4a

5a

6a

7a

8a

1b

2b

3b

4b

5b

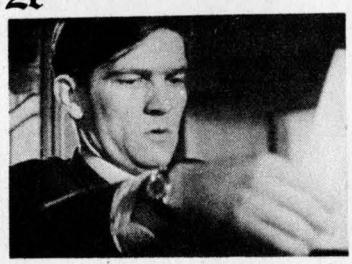
6b

7b

8b

1c

2c



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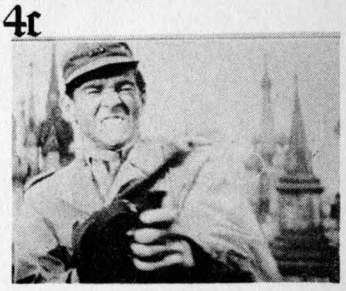

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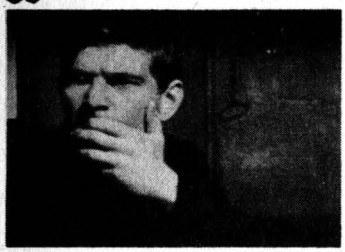

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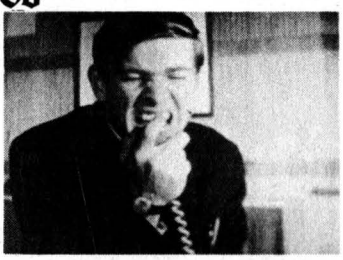

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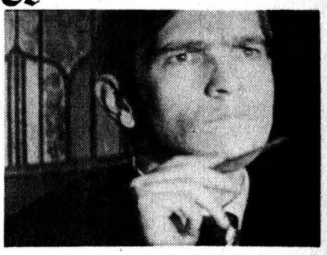

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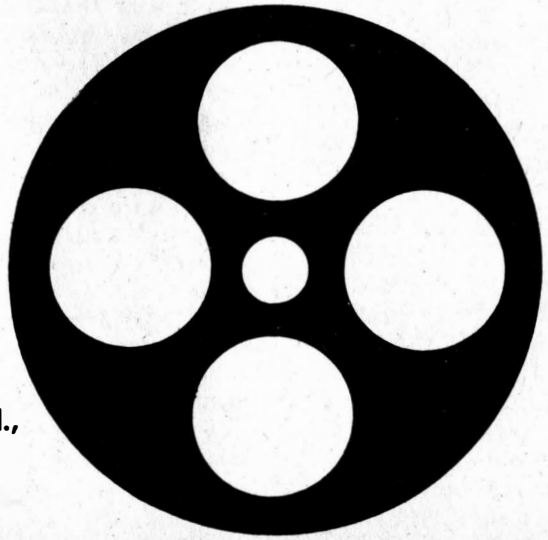

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THE MACHINE STOPS - OR DOES IT?

HERBERT F. OSTRACH

Reading through a Time article on the New American Cinema (Dec. 3, 1967), I was struck by the evidence it offered of the high level of general sophistication in the United States. I thought so not only because of what the article said about the popularity and the number of good, sophisticated films, but because it was *Time* speaking. Some of us working with films professionally had been aware that we were in the Elizabethan era of the film for perhaps a year, so *Time* was not so terribly behind-hand in just then reporting it. To be sure the article was flawed by hasty, overslick generalizations and by spotty researching; but, more important was that, contrary to *Time's* most cherished tradition, it was essentially correct in its judgement. When a magazine such as *Time* has taken to reasonably accurate assessments of a fairly complex field, we must pause, for this is surely significant. It is also a most impressive piece of evidence that the general level of understanding has risen considerably in the last five to ten years.

Which is precisely the point made in the article itself. Like many others, the *Time* man says that the rise in cinematic intelligence is mostly due to younger people who are flocking to see the probing, innovative, perceptive films we now have.

All the signs point to the fact that the younger generations are significantly more intelligent, less parochial, and more discriminating than the generation born before 1940. Any tendency in our society that exists because of these factors must therefore become increasingly important as the youngsters mature and take over the reins of leadership.

I was talking with Tony Hodgkinson the other evening about a new curriculum I had devised. He remarked that he had increasing doubts that our public schools would ever be able to change rapidly and thoroughly enough to re-assume the educational function they had lost. This doubt is one I have also felt a number of times in the last year or two. The obstacles are enormous. First and foremost, few educators are even aware of the real nature of their dilemma. They mostly imagine that educational reform is a matter of making existing studies relevant, or simply doing more efficiently what is already being done, or providing a "quality" education for the under-privileged, i.e. make the city schools like the suburban schools. Pitifully few are aware that the over-riding issue is whether they will *educate* youngsters to live in a normless world.

There is no doubt that such education is needed; the accelerating rise in the indices of social pathology tell us that. However the equally visible intelligence and strength of our youth indicates that a great deal of this education is going on. Where did college students suddenly learn that the university is bankrupt? How did they come to realize that equal opportunity for the Negro is a pressing issue? Who taught them that the war in Vietnam is immoral? No teacher did. They learned from Dylan, from the Stones, from *I Spy*, from commercials and even from *Time*. So far so good. Lots of thinking people have said this. (Remember McLuhan's warning that youngsters are beginning to realize that going to school now interrupts their education.) But the response has been: "Okay schools, get with it." Suppose they don't.

It wouldn't matter much if education (learning to evaluate, to tolerate differences and uncertainties, the ability to formulate ideas and perceptions) were merely a desirable but inessential goal as it was in the past. Today education is necessary simply to survive.

Since education by media designed to entertain is felt to be less than satisfactory, pressures deriving from a dimly felt need for education will be increasingly put on the media mentors to create material more consciously aimed at enlightenment. Much of this pressure is in wrong-headed attempts to induce television executives to put stage plays on, but the really effective pressure from the market will push them to individualize their offerings. Enter the cartridge television set and film projector. Undoubtedly the first big market will be in selling or leasing old programs and films in cartridge form. Sooner or later someone will put together a string of cartridges including some specially made material as a unit. Ultimately whole courses of study will be available and widely used. At some point in this process the home entertainment center will become the home education center. This way of educating is the ultimate in individualized instruction. There is no reason why computers will not play a role in home education. They could be used to set up programs fitted to individuals by selecting from many thousands of program units. This could be done by small computers which families would purchase for the home or families could rent a line into a giant computer set up for the express purpose of programming home studies. *(See Robert Russel's The Next Medium in Take One issues 3-7 — Ed.)*

A tremendous market for these curriculum packages would develop as people increasingly came to rely on them for the bulk of their learning. No doubt new groups would spring up to meet the needs of people who will feel the need to share their interests with others.

Meanwhile what happens to the schools? Either one of two things. It may be that their present tendency to train students for the economy will strengthen and become their recognized and accepted function. In that case compulsory attendance laws and minimum days per year laws will no longer be necessary because vocational training can be essentially voluntary. It may be that the late seventies and eighties will witness a series of bitter fights between those who want to retain these laws and thereby retain the traditional concept of the school and those who want to recognize reality and repeal them so that youngsters can have more time for home education. Once the school no longer needs to pretend to *educate*, it can get down to the important, but simpler, matter of effective vocational *training*. Teachers can then use the latest technology without feeling they are betraying the heritage of the past. Despite the difficulties such a development would entail, this would be a relatively healthy situation. By not depriving the very large and increasingly unionized teaching corps of its entire function, this alternative permits them to accept the inevitable.

The other alternative is that schools will become functionless institutions in which going to school become a ritual. This would be a frustrating development and would make the teaching corps obsolescent, leading possibly to punitive legislation designed to reverse the process which is the subject of this paper. On the other hand the school might very well take over the ritual functions of society. These functions are now imperfectly performed by sport and entertainment. As sport is more and more professionalized, it may appeal to fewer people. Entertainment will become education hence less useful for mass ritual. The churches have long since lost their effectiveness as centers for mass ritual. Perhaps determinedly old fashioned schools insisting on a less and less relevant culture can become at least semi-religious institutions. Some teachers would have to change their self-image, but the role of priest is better than no role at all. Teachers could accept this situation.

Conceivably the schools could provide the place for individuals to come together for the production of ideas and to assess each other's work. This would give an occupation to many teachers who would have no place in either purely vocational systems or purely ritual ones. On the other hand the new groups springing up might assume this assessing and gathering function, in which case teaching could become private enterprise with teachers hiring out to this and that group to help them assess their work. The implications here are that schools would become adult education centers and that teaching would be relatively little concerned with curricula but greatly concerned with doing and creating.

Is it possible that the emergence of the first home educational centers (probably 5 to 10 years away) will galvanize the schools into crash programs to set up such centers in public buildings? Even if the understanding, will and power were all present, where would the enormous sums of money come from? Maybe in five or ten years the 100 billion dollars spent each year on weapons could be earmarked for this purpose. However it seems hardly likely, particularly because it presupposes that the absolute need would be clear to everyone involved. Even if the money were forthcoming, could our uncentralized, splintered, willfully blind educational system suddenly realize what it had to do and suddenly learn how to effectively push through far-reaching reforms in a short time? Hardly. Of course if schools began even modest programs today, they could be very well prepared to meet the challenge of the seventies. For those of us experienced in attempts to persuade teachers and administrators of their peril know that even this is not going to happen. To be sure many hundreds of schools are now starting film or media courses this year. If they had done this four or five years ago — even two or three years ago — these firstlings might now be capable of bearing fruit in expanded programs. On this time scale it will be 1970 before a half dozen or so schools will be ready to set up fairly considerable media programs, and 1980 before large numbers of the laggards are prepared to imitate the leaders. By then it will be too late.

There are a few experimental schools scattered about the country. Still we all know that the only experimental programs which have been widely accepted in a relatively short period of time are the science programs of the last ten years. These were funded lavishly and pushed by prestigious national organizations like the National Science Foundation. Moreover there was an immediate need for trained scientists which was translated into formidable economic and political pressures by the very powerful institutions involved, industry and the government. No such conditions obtain in the humanities where the reforms would have to take place. Indeed no significant reform in the humanities has had more than a severely limited impact since the committee of ten in the 1890's. I see no sign that the schools will be able to meet the challenge.

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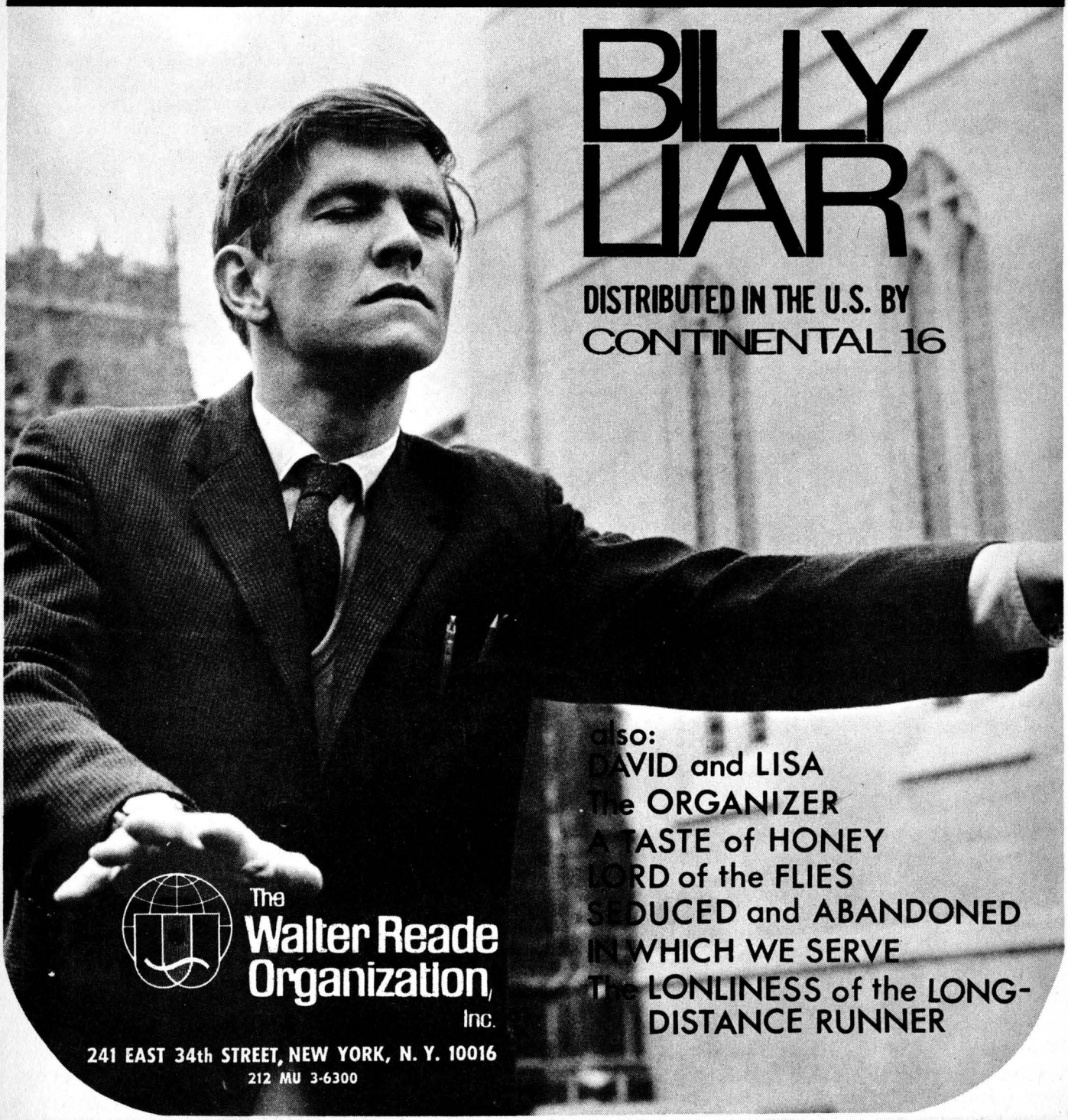

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Patricia Neal
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Jean Gabin in **Melodie en Sous-sol**
Burt Lancaster as The Birdman
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Michael Redgrave as Yeats in **Young Cassidy**
Spencer Tracy in **Bad Day At Black Rock**
The children's street song in **A Taste Of Honey**
Sweet Emma Barrett
Godard's walk-on in **The Defector**
The killing of the cattle in **Hud**
Abebe Bikila in Ichikawa's **Tokyo Olympiad**
Cybulski's fantasy in **Love At Twenty**
Cloportes
Pierre Berton's **City of Gold**
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Jack Palance on "Revolution" in **The Professionals**
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Julius Harris as Duff's father in **Nothing But A Man**
The bloodthirsty reaction of audiences during **The Birds**
Yojimbo
In **3:10 To Yuma,** Glenn Ford and Felicia Farr — their ephemeral love.
James Dean in **East of Eden**
George C. Scott
Dudley Sutton in **The Leather Boys**
George Raft's **Scarface** parody in **Some Like It Hot**
Black Plague in **The Seventh Seal**
Giuseppe Patroni Griffi's **Il Mare**
The ending of Roger Corman's **Man With X-Ray Eyes**
The "law of the jungle" in **The Naked Prey**
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PAS DE DEUX

Way back when, in *Take One's* very first issue we published a photo of Norman McLaren shooting a film on ballet. McLaren usually takes a year to complete a film that is perhaps ten minutes in length — this time he took two. One may be patronizing and say that it is pleasant that the Film Board tolerates such a person, but of course, the case is quite the other way around. The result of his efforts, as one expects, based on previous experience, is well worth the waiting. Operating within his own very personal context, McLaren's films just keep getting better and better.

Pas de Deux is 13 1/2 minutes long and consists solely of one and then two ballet dancers going through their routines. This might sound boring but it ain't. McLaren filmed the dancers against a black background with very strong back, and no front, lighting. The resulting footage showed just the outlines of the dancers and was very beautiful in itself. For McLaren, however, this was as much the raw material as the clear leader he used to be so fond of doodling on. The film begins with one female dancer doing several routines — then the magic begins. As she glides across the room, she leaves a trail of images frozen in the positions which she has just left. A male dancer joins her and the frozen images of the two intertwine. The effect is of seeing motion as in a dream. One thinks of the beginnings of cinema when the feet of some 19th century horse were frozen for posterity to the wonderment of that golden age. As usual with McLaren, the spectacular is not enough, there is more to explore and the film continues to build. The frozen images begin moving — he has bettered your dreams. A hand rises up and it is like a fan opening and closing; the dancers move around the room and become an abstract whirl of pure motion until their after-images catch up with them and disappear into themselves. The audience, after it recovered its collective breath, clamoured to see the film again. May I echo them.

Ronald Blumer

Director: Norman McLaren. Choreography: Ludmilla Chiriaeff. Dance: Margaret Mercier, Vincent Warren. Music Editing: Maurice Blackburn. Panpipes: Dobre Constantin and the United Folk Orchestra of Romania. Special Effects: Wally Howard. Photography: Jacques Fogel. Sound: Ron Alexander. 35mm and 16mm, B & W, 13 mins. A National Film Board of Canada production.

WAR AND PEACE

Watching a six and one half hour movie is a little like seeing your first whale... it's hard to get over the unreasonable bigness of the damn thing and start looking for details. Statistics really don't mean much in an appraisal of the film, but they can't be ignored, and they serve to clobber the viewer before he's even settled in his seat. $100,000,000— that's the price paid by the Russian government for the production; it took five years in all, with three and one half years of that being devoted to the actual shooting of some eighty hours of film.

The end result? Well, in many respects it's a dog, but it's a dog of such impeccable ancestry and magnificent proportions that you can't help but be impressed in spite of it's undeniable canine qualities.

The acting just never becomes real. The characters never become flesh and blood, and you don't give a damn what happens to any of them, except academically. The key role of Pierre Bezuhov is played by Bondarchuk. Bezuhov is supposed to be a good man in the grip of emotions and circumstances he continually struggles to understand. Unfortunately Bondarchuk underplays the role to the extent that Bezuhov comes off as more than somewhat of a schnook, and it's pretty hard to drum up any sympathy for such an obvious loser.

The key role of Natasha Rostov is played by ex-ballerina Liudmila Savelyeva. Miss Savelyeva is charming, but made out of shirt-cardboard. The best acting in the film is done by Boris Zahava who portrays General Kutuzov, the Russian hero whose decision to abandon Moscow to Napoleon without a fight resulted in the emperor's ultimate downfall. Zahava, an associate of Eisenstein's, has been a director of the Pushkin School for forty years. His portrayal of Kutuzov as a thoroughly terrifying but at the same time avuncular old tiger provides the most satisfying and memorable acting in the whole film.

As a writer-director, Bondarchuk is successful. His dialogue is terse and powerful. His visual presentation is masterful. **War and Peace** will inevitably be compared to **Doctor Zhivago,** and it eclipses the visual splendor of **Zhivago.**

The score is acceptable but not outstanding. It commendably

resists the temptation to smuggle in bits of the 1812 Overture.

The film is presented in North America with a dubbed English sound-track. I have heard criticism of the track but I must say I thought it was excellent, and at no time did I find it distracting. The film uses a narrator from time to time to bridge gaps and fill in background, and by and large the technique is successful.

Movie-goers who attend Russian films in the hope of seeing anti-western polemics so they can say "See, they really hate us!" will be sadly disappointed by **War and Peace.** The only propagandizing is not anti-West, it's anti-Napoleon. And that, by the way, may throw you a little. They really present Napoleon as an absolute bloodless bastard. They stop short of showing him enjoying a dish of boiled baby for breakfast, but that's about the only place they draw the line.

Six and one half hours may seem like an intolerable length for a movie, but it's actually not tiring. The film is shown in two segments. Part one, shown in the afternoon, is three and one half hours with an intermission. After part one you have about a two and a half hour break for dinner and a couple of drinks, then in the evening you see part two; three hours with an intermission.

It's a little hard on the derriere, but not unbearable.

Present Canadian distribution plans call for the film to be seen only in Montreal and Toronto. In spite of all it's short-comings and failures it's a film you should see. It's a little like Niagara Falls; you may be quite blase about it all, but inside you can't help but be impressed by all that thunder and spectacle.

David Patrick

Production: Mosfilm Studios. Direction: Sergei Bondarchuk. Screenplay: Sergei Bondarchuk and Vasily Solovyov, based on the novel by Leo Tolstoy. Photography: Dmitri Korzhikhin. Alexander Shelenkov, Chen Yu-Lan. Music: Vyacheslav Ovchinnikov. Starring: Liudmila Savelyeva, Viatcheslav Tikhonov, Victor Stanitsyne.

MAR DEL PLATA FILM FESTIVAL

After missing last year due to Argentina's difficult social and economic conditions, Mar del Plata returned to the international scene with a festival notable for an almost equal number of pictures and parties — the latter being livelier and more memorable than the former.

With the ruling military regime as firmly in charge of the festival as it is of the country, this ten-day event (lacking both a pre-selection committee or a director knowledgeable about world cinema) dragged drearily through a program of entries either purely commercial or routine in their native way.

Almost every director from opening night through to closing seemed ignorant of when to end his picture. Entry after entry came to its logical ending, only to start again — to the groans of aching audiences.

Among the visiting celebrities was Jacques Tati who was given an affectionate welcome but left feeling somewhat chilled by the cool reception given to **Playtime.** His film is beautifully made, but by refusing to develop obvious situations for their inherent comedy values he cheated audiences, and by refusing to use close-ups and cut-aways much of his delicate comedy was lost on the 70mm screen.

Even Alberto Sordi's film, **An Italian in America,** baffled and defeated audiences with its blatant commercialism, unimaginative direction, loud sound track and overlength. Most of the praise went to Vittorio de Sica for his marvelous performance as Sordi's roguish father.

Argentina as host country might have been expected to show several films, but in competition exhibited only Leopold Torre Nilsson's **The Traitors of San Angel.** He flew in from filming in Puerto Rico to attend the showing, but even he was surprised to find his film in the festival; it's been playing commercially in South America for five months.

Undoubtedly the most popular short of the festival was the National Film Board of Canada's **Toys** made by Grant Munro, who attended the entire festival and was as well known and feted as if he had been the most celebrated of feature directors.

It was common knowledge that **Toys** would have won the prize for the best short had it not been discovered that an NFB official in Montreal had made a ridiculous mistake and submitted it forgetting it had played competitively at Cannes last year. It was withdrawn and the prize went to an undistinguished Polish short **Laterna Magica.**

There were four first features shown in competition: **Los Caifanes** (Mexico), **Paarungen** (Germany), **Escalation** (Italy), and **The Birch Tree (Breza)** from Yugoslavia. Of them, the latter, a slow, simple but engrossing tale of village life during the thirties was well made and finished; **Los Caifanes** came close to being a revealing and courageous look at class distinction in Mexico; **Paarungen** is an interesting but confusing attempt to bring Strindberg's "Dance of Death" to the screen; and **Escalation** qualifies easily as one of the silliest movies ever made. The International critics jury declined to give a prize to any of them.

The critics gave their "best film" award to **Bonnie and Clyde** thus making it one of those extremely rare occasions when the critics agree with the main jury. But only after the president, Raimundo Calcagno gave his deciding vote. The result had been evenly divided between Penn's film and Larry Peerce's **The Incident.**

The strangest aspect to Mar del Plata is that it could be termed a festival without a public, a festival that doesn't seem to want a public. The people are there all right, waiting patiently by the hundreds in the square facing the outside staircase leading up to the auditorium, to clap and call, peer into cars and clamor for autographs.

But there are no tickets on sale for them to the two evening performances. The seats not used for press and delegations are given to the many officials of various government departments who demand tickets and frequently don't attend, resulting in the astonishing spectacle of a seldom filled house — a sight that would make participating film makers wonder why they sent their films.

When a festival official was asked about public admission he replied loftily that the public wasn't interested and wouldn't want to see such films anyway. How valid is this view when at least half the films are straight commercial propositions many of which were already showing in cinemas in Buenos Aires before the festival had ended? And why insist on censoring the films, when with the public absent, only the 'right people' are presumably seeing the entries?

One of the supposed rules of film festivals and an ideal which is fast becoming a myth is that movies entered in festivals must be shown in

their original versions, as their directors made them, without being cut, changed or dubbed in any way.

Festival directors should know that if the conventions of their countries are such that certain films would offend public taste, then they should have the honesty to say so and not accept a controversial picture and then, behind the producer's back, submit it to local blue-noses and make cuts in it.

Last year there was Favre Le Bret's censorship of the sub-titles on **Ulysses,** the banning by Montreal and Vancouver of Larry Kent's Canadian film, **High** and the Chicago police going to work on that city's festival.

Now the scandal of Mar del Plata. It all began after the night of the opening, when the censorship body sent a blistering letter to director Luis Roberto Vesco reprimanding him for not showing **Oedipus Rex** to its members before the festival opened.

But soon the shoe was on the other foot. As Sordi's **An Italian in America** unreeled, and the Las Vegas sequence came on, over-censored Argentinos fell out of their seats with amazement as suddenly the entire screen seemed to come alive with the bare, bouncing breasts of topless waitresses talking to Sordi.

What could have happened? Had the censors relented? No, they had not, and they hardly knew where to look, but kept their eyes on the screen, naturally!

They had indeed previously looked at the picture; but only the first fifteen minutes. After all, they reasoned, there was never any nudity in Italian films other than Fellini and Antonioni, and most certainly not in an Alberto Sordi picture!

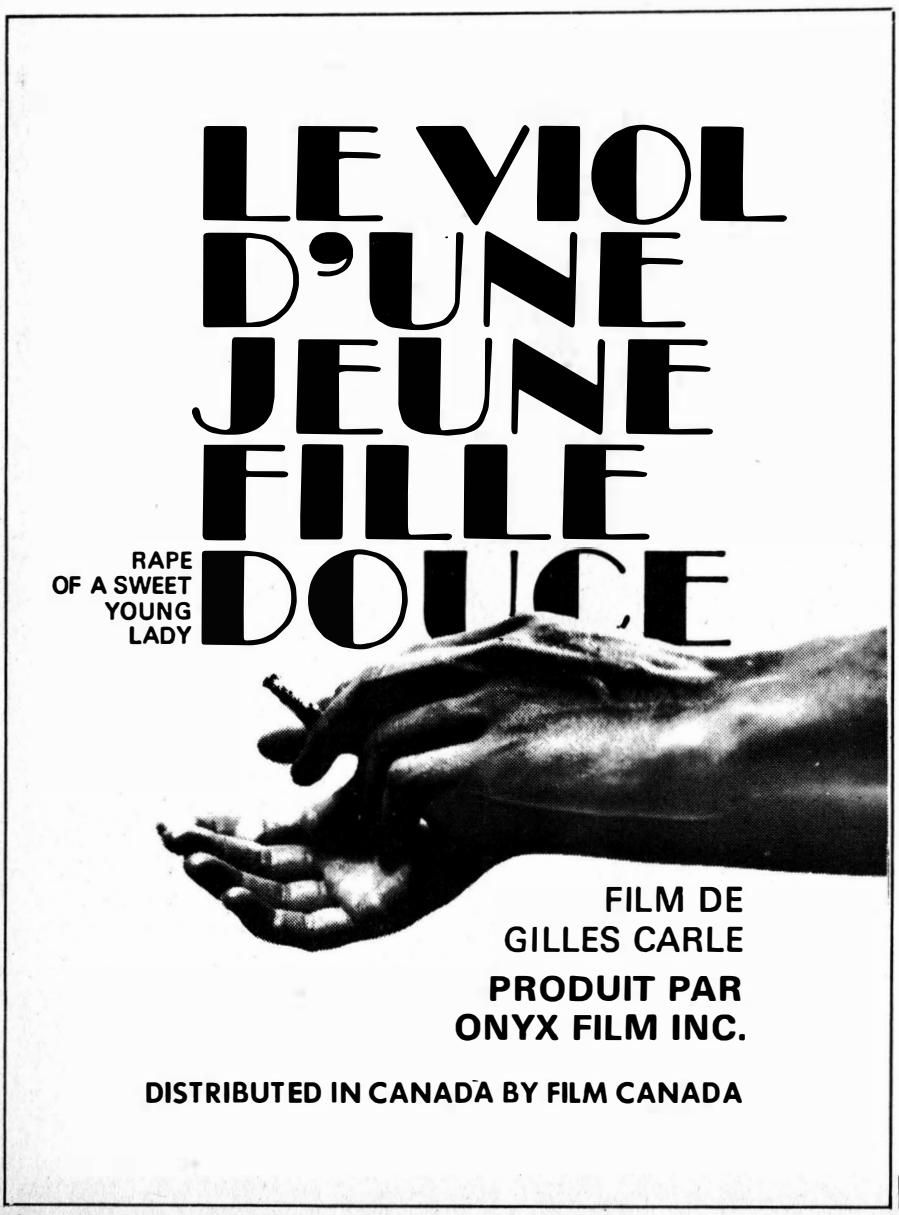
After this, the censors went to work with a vengeance. First to feel their wrath were the Czechs. Scenes of a woman walking full length and nude toward the camera would have to come out. Director Frantisek Vlacil tried to reason with them. He was quiet and upset. He was told that he was lucky to be there and in no position to protest. So the cuts were made, leaving one quick flash scene.

Then the Germans had **Paarungen** cut; the Mexican **Los Caifanes** had a scene cut showing a man giving money to an ancient prostitute; **Bonnie and Clyde** scraped by, but the bedroom love scene was then cut before commercial exhibition.

Although indignation ran high and objections were heard everywhere, the censor board was not to be moved, and as in most countries where "democracy" wears a steel helmet there was an official silence everywhere, even in the press.

If the International Federation of Film Producers made a rule that festivals which insist on censorship would not be given recognition and if film makers refused to participate and submit their work to events not recognised by the Federation, an end might come to the growing menace of the presence of the censor at festivals. In view of what happened at Mar del Plata something must be done.

Gerald Pratley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THE WILD RACERS

The newest recruit to the American International "school" of film directors, Daniel Haller, was one of a group of young film enthusiasts (including Monte Hellman and Francis Coppola) whom Roger Corman gathered together in the late '50s to produce such box-office winners as **Viking Women, The Little Shop of Horrors** and **Not of this Earth.** As an Art Director, Haller's skill in fashioning elegant expressionist decors out of the left-overs from more expensive productions gained him an early prominence. In 1965 he directed his first feature **Monster of Terror** with Boris Karloff. This was followed by a sequel to **The Wild Angels** entitled **Devils Angels** with John Cassavetes. Neither film showed any marked directorial originality. Then unexpectedly came **The Wild Racers.** The film appeared for one week only in Toronto from March 19th to March 26th. Like most programs at the Downtown Theatre

it was ignored by the newspaper critics. Peter Harris of the Toronto Daily Star, the one exception, described it as "the best auto-racing picture ever."

In his classic film about bullfighting, **The Moment of Truth,** Francisco Rosi took an ordinary working class youth and showed the destructive effects on his character when he becomes a crowd hero. In the process he commented indirectly on the more brutal and vicious aspects of bullfighting as a sport. In **The Wild Racers** Daniel Haller takes a moderately successful driver — banned from American circuits, disliked by his fellow drivers, loathed by the women he has used and discarded — and follows him around some of the Grand Prix circuits of Europe. In exposing the mediocrity of the hero's personality, the film comments indirectly on the false image of motor-racing and of those who take part in it.

Is a film with such negative conclusions worth making? In the light of the recent spate of over-romanticised and inflated motor racing pictures, yes it is. Besides, Haller's film is not unattractive to watch — the constantly changing European backgrounds, the breathless pace of the racing sequences, the authenticity of the squalid hotel rooms shot in available light with a hand held camera. **The Wild Racers** was made entirely on location and many of its scenes have the freedom and incoherence of improvisation.

In John Frankenheimer's **Grand Prix** the interaction between the cardboard characters acted as a brake on the sports sequences. The auto-racing and the personal relationships were divorced both in content and style (different editors were employed on each). In **The Wild Racers** the two parts are perfectly integrated. If anything, the characters dominate over the racing. Haller uses the technique of overlapping sequences: while the soundtrack of a bedroom sequence is still continuing, the next morning's race has already begun. Unidentified voices from the crowd and split-second flashbacks suggest the characters' state of mind during a race. It is the first time a stream of consciousness technique has been used successfully in a Hollywood film. The film abounds with alienation effects. The racing sequences are photographed in harsh and violent tones. Much of the footage is grainy and over-exposed giving it a newsreel quality. The climax of the film, the Spanish Grand Prix, is shot entirely through a red filter. This emphasizes the extreme heat and the monotony of the conditions. The race is intercut with the hero's random thoughts on how to ditch his current girl friend once it is over. Only by chance does he manage to take the lead, win the race and with it a new girl.

The quality of the acting is not important, for **The Wild Racers** is 100% a director's film. Daniel Haller is the most exciting talent to emerge in the new American cinema. He is one of a new wave of young directors who are making their mark through low budget B-Movies unashamedly aimed at the commercial market but nevertheless bearing the stamp of their directors' own highly personal style. The most important films to have come out of Hollywood this year have not been the large scale semi-art films by Mike Nichols, Norman Jewison or John Frankenheimer, but Brian Hutton's **Sol Madrid** a story of a super-hero turned sour, Paul Wendkos' **Attack on the Iron Coast** a war film about inter-service rivalries with applications to the war in Vietnam, and Daniel Haller's **The Wild Racers.**

Alan Collins

Producer: Roger Corman. Director: Daniel Haller. Music: Mike Curb. With Mimsy Farmer and Fabian. An American-International production, distributed in Canada by Astral Films.

TELL ME LIES

This is a minority report: I liked **Tell Me Lies.**

Tell Me Lies is about the effect of the Vietnam War on London. As it's subtitle points out, it is "A Film About London", not about Vietnam. It is a pseudo-semi-documentary that relies very heavily on Brecht's Epic Theatre for it's technique. (It is, I think, much more successful as Epic Cinema than was **Marat-Sade** as Cinema of Cruelty.) There are songs, titles, an episodic non-plot, anti-naturalistic acting and almost no attempts at creating illusions of reality (eg. as an actor speaks, a title appears: "English actor playing American Embassy official"; a story about Saigon is set in Soho; the American Embassy in London stands for any building in Washington).

The result is exactly what Brecht claims.It is almost impossible to become "involved" with the film. The audience is constantly on it's guard and forced to think about what is happening on the screen rather than merely accepting it — to examine the arguments and make up their own minds about them. (A number of critics have complained that the film presents every side of every argument rather than telling us what we are supposed to think. If you want other people to do your thinking for you then you probably won't find this a very satisfactory film.)

Tell Me Lies follows one man around London as he tries to resolve his personal doubts about Vietnam. He interviews or debates Stokely Carmichael, Paul Scofield, Kingsley Amis and a number of actors "playing" various roles. Interspersed with his wanderings are songs, skits, speeches and news footage (both staged and real).

The chief complaint aired against the film is that it is boring. To some extent this is true. Some of the arguments seems to go on *ad infinitum* but these are usually followed by a skit or song that picks things up again.

But more important is the fact that, as the ending of the film makes clear, one of the points it is trying to

put forth is that we are in the comfortable position where we can be bored by the war. The war for us is a luxury. After all, moral indignation is a very satisfying emotion. Vietnam has provided us with an opportunity for catharsis: no matter what side they're on, people can become righteously indignant about the war — all at a nice safe distance. If the war ends it is difficult to say who will miss it more, the hawks or the doves.

The creators of **Tell Me Lies** (it does seem to be a group effort) look to themselves for examples of this easy moral indignation and the film thus never falls into the trap of self-congratulations (as did much of **Far From Vietnam).** The most chilling moment of **Tell Me Lies** is when one of the female cast members turns to the camera and says (in her best ingenue manner) in effect, "Hello. I'm a member of the Royal Shakespeare Company. We're making a movie about Vietnam. And we're really having fun doing it."

Joe Medjuck

Director: Peter Brook. Designer: Sally Jacobs. Original text: Dennis Cannan. Lyrics: Adrian Mitchell. Music: Richard Peaslee. Associate Directors: Albert Hunt, Jeoffrey Reeves. Adaptors of documentary material: Michael Kustow, Michael Stott. Executive Producer: Peter Sykes. With: The Royal Shakespeare Company, the Open Theatre Group, Stokely Carmichael, and others.

POUSSIERE SUR LA VILLE

To compose a significant experience of some aspect of human reality into a novel is difficult enough. To distill from the novel the original experience in order to cast it into film without dragging along the paraphernalia of literary structure or the mechanics of linguistic representation is an incomparably more challenging task. Arthur Lamothe has accomplished this successfully.

The script of **Poussière sur la ville** is based on the novel by the Quebec writer André Langevin. Lamothe is, on the whole, faithful to the original. But the transcription into film reveals a mastery of both the literary and film forms which seems essential to avoid any confusion of the two. The anecdote or, to use current terminology, the story line, in Langevin's novel is essentially melodramatic. This is unimportant, since the anecdote is incidental to Langevin's main purpose (in which he succeeds rather well): to depict human beings fruitlessly and exhaustingly groping towards each other, yet whose very efforts implacably drive them apart.

The locale is a small asbestos mining town somewhere in Quebec. The mountains of pulverized asbestos debris and gigantic excavations around which the town is built, and the heavy and continual fall-out of dust (hence the title **Dust on the City**) are skillfully woven into the narrative of the novel to condition the bleakness and desolation of the psychological climate. Such stratagems are essential to a novelist who must, out of words alone, fashion for his reader the spatial and temporal coordinates on which the action will be projected. For the action (the anecdote) is the vehicle of his purpose and it cannot evolve in a vacuum. But this complex literary apparatus should not be carried over, if at all avoidable, into film. This is where Lamothe has shown great skill.

The town, the physical and social climates, the social position of the central characters, and even the action are presented in the most abstract way possible. Here is the story, in brief: A young, recently-graduated, recently-married doctor (Sanche) moves into a mining town. His wife (Rossignol) is a fickle, restless, impatient young woman, who needs a hectic pace, or a high element of risk to feel alive (indeed, the only time in the film she is shown to attain any degree of sexual excitation is when, by interfering with her husband's driving, she nearly causes a collision with a moving train). Of

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course, she soon becomes bored to death with this desolate little town, with her husband's daily life, and with her husband himself. To spice things up, she flirts with the mine-workers in a local snack-bar, and soon takes up with one of them. The ensuing scandal stimulates her. All of this is shown in the most schematic and abstract manner. The main body of the film is built around the husband, and a considerable portion of it is spent in the stifling apartment, all doors and corridors and empty rooms, where he is almost always alone, except when he is receiving patients. The anecdote and temporal continuities give way to continuity of mood; action (suspended or only occasionally made brief and abstract reference to) becomes pure behavior, simple gesture, and sometimes immobility. As a result, the spectator experiences directly, without the cushioning effect of words, or verbal imagery, the young doctor's successive emotions: anger, tenderness, pity, despair, but especially the consuming monotony of the unnamed but familiar pain of powerless and useless affection.

The real skill of the filmmaker resides not in translating verbal concepts into images, but in conveying directly the experience which the novelist could not communicate without verbalising it. Not many filmmakers have succeeded in this. There are still those who shoot verbal concepts (for instance, the overhead shot which says: "he feels overwhelmed and oppressed" — this expression is itself a literary approximation to a psychological state which involves strictly speaking neither overwhelming nor oppression).

Lamothe has spared us all useless gimickry. No symbolism, no awkward visual translation of verbal expressions (if it can be said or written more efficiently, why film it?). No arbitrary fancy shots: the camera is always at eye-level. We are even spared the mock-heroics of the suicide at the end, and given only a brief glimpse of the body.

How does Lamothe succeed in conveying this tragedy of a man who is psychologically fenced in, while dispensing with almost the entire literary structure of the novel? To begin with, Lamothe leaves nothing to chance. Each shot is carefully planned in such a way that the graphic composition, the lighting, and the movement or the absence of movement of the camera are coordinated with the movements and emotions of the actors. The length of each shot is determined by requirements of time-space and emotional continuity from the point of view of the spectator. No shots are included solely for their pictorial values.

There is not one single intercut, not one single dissolve — which filmmakers usually use to satisfy themselves that perfectly obvious temporal, or spatial or action continuities have not been lost on the spectators. Many action sequences, important in the novel, are left out of the film. For example, at some point in the novel the doctor and his wife go through an Alphonse-Gaston courtesy routine at the door to the bathroom, this to convey to the reader that they have become estranged. This analytic mode of exposition, if used in the film would have been like taking the spectator by the hand to show him what was by then perfectly obvious. On the other hand the synthetic approach to expression of mood and emotional continuity leads Lamothe to include sequences which are not in the novel. A spectacular fire, and the masses of icicles from the frozen water on the following day provide two sequences in which, amid extremes of light and darkness, silence and fury, the emotional drift and estrangement of the protagonists is nicely modulated.

Among Canadian films of recent years, **Poussière sur la ville** is probably the one with the most complex and carefully developed structure. There are, to be sure, some defects. The most important is probably with a certain number of single-shot sequences, marvelously constructed otherwise, which need temporal tightening. The fact that some of these are allowed to linger a few seconds too long causes the tension to be broken and the shot to become suddenly "visible" to the spectator. The resulting breaks in emotional continuity distract from the otherwise well-planned emotional architecture. Some of the blame for this can be attributed to faults in the casting. Though most of the actors, in particular Guy Sanche, Nicole Filion, Victor Désy and Nicolas Doclin, are outstanding, Michèle Rossignol exhibits such a narrow range, and not too finely calibrated at that, of emotional expression as to dampen the impact of a number of crucial sequences, particularly towards the end. In a long singleshot sequence the dialogue becomes an important element of rhythm. A failure on the part of the actor to provide (without overacting) the appropriate low-key emotional modulation will be experienced by the spectator as a slowing-down of the rhythm.

Lamothe has already produced two feature-length films, and about five documentaries. **Poussière sur la ville** is without question the most important of his films to date, and the most illustrative of the depth of his talent.

Gabriel Breton

Director: Arthur Lamothe. Screenplay: André Langevin, based on his novel of the same name. Camera: Guy-Laval Fortier and Michel Brault. Music: Gilles Vigneault. Stars: Guy Sanche, Michèle Rossignol, Henri Norbert. Production: Coopératio and la Société générale cinématographique. Black and white. 95 mins.

CE SOIR-LA, GILLES VIGNEAULT

Gilles Vigneault is probably the best-known songwriter-singer in Quebec. He is unvaryingly inventive of new and beautiful melodies, but he is also known as a writer of lyrics of remarkable craftsmanship.

In doing a full-length film on Vigneault, Arthur Lamothe was careful to avoid the obvious pitfall of illustrating the songs with pretty pictures. Through a spirited and ingenious editing and blending of song and narrative, he focuses upon Vigneault-the-performer as the central dramatic element, bringing in, contrapuntally, occasional images or scenes from Natashquan, Vigneault's home, and the country he sings about, not as illustration, but to prolong a mood, or to call forth a variation in melody.

The success of the film is to a not inconsiderable degree attributable to creative camera work by Michel Brault (as someone has remarked, the final shot by Brault is the most beautiful zoom-back in the history of filmmaking) and by Jean-Claude Labrecque, among others — and to the outstanding sound-recording by Joseph Champagne. The result is a most entertaining work, even if it is not quite on the same level as **Poussière sur la ville** with respect to complexity of structure and mastery of composition.

Gabriel Breton

Director: Arthur Lamothe. Camera: Michel Brault, Jean-Claude Labrecque, Michel Régnier, Claude Jutra, Bernard Nobert, Jacques Leduc. Sound: Joseph Champagne, Marcel Carrière, Serge Beauchemin. Music and words: Gilles Vigneault. Color. 70 mins.

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M AGE ONT

* The Montreal International Film Festival, after a happy and fruitful life of eight years' duration, died recently the victim of collective myopia.

* Universal International proudly announces that it has concluded negotiations for the sale of **Spartacus** to the Mongolian Peoples Republic, marking the first time that a major American film has been sold to that nation. The picture will be shown with Russian dialogue and Mongolian sub-titles.

* Creighton University announces an eight-week NDEA Institute Program for advanced study of English "Composition through Grammar, Rhetoric, Film and Other Media" for secondary school English teachers and supervisors (grades 9-12) June 12 to August 6. For information write: Dr. George R. Bramer, Director, NDEA Institute in English, Administration Building, The Creighton University, Omaha, Nebraska, 68131.

* Larry Kent's **High,** refused twice by the Quebec Censor Board, will be submitted a third time in the near future.

* Fordham University has two summer programs, one in New York July 8 to August 2 and one in Los Angeles August 12 to 16. The New York program will include the Fordham Film Festival at the Park-Sheraton July 10 to 13. The three-week workshop will have two courses: Introduction to Filmmaking and Introduction to Film Study. Instructors will be Robert Geller and Louis Van Gasteren. The Los Angeles Program will be held at the International Kaleidoscope Theater in Hollywood. For further information write: Fr. John Culkin, Director, National Film Study Project, Fordham University, Bronx, New York, 10458.

* The Canadian Film Development Corporation has asked prospective Canadian feature film producers to send it detailed submissions of the projects for which they need financial assistance. Applications must come from Canadian companies and be for feature films with "significant Canadian creative, artistic and technical content" or for co-productions under international agreements. The Corporation will want to know: the name and make-up of the company requesting support, information on the film itself (title, script or synopsis, name and nationality of crew and cast, names and locations of studios and labs to be used, schedule, budget), the distribution arrangements made, what arrangements have been made to guarantee over-expenditure of budget, details of the proposed financing of the film.

* That excellent British magazine (edited by Ian Cameron), **Movie,** has at long last re-appeared. The Spring '68 issue contains a long interview with director Donald Siegel, among other goodies. Single copies ($1.00) and subscriptions ($4.00 for 4 issues) may be obtained by writing Movie Magazine, 21 Ivor Place, London NW 1.

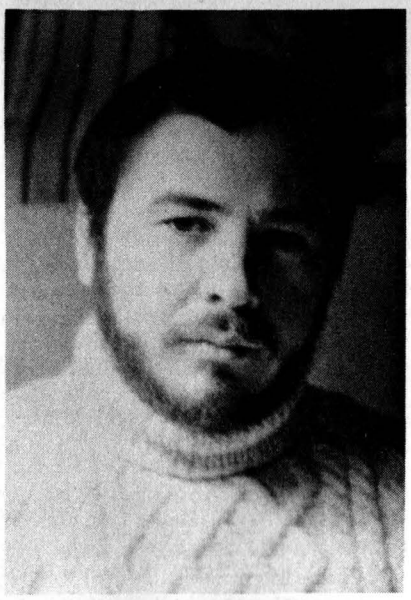
* Thank you, Faith Fulrieder, whoever you are.

TORONTO LETTER

Don Shebib is a young Toronto filmmaker perhaps best known for his film **Haight-Ashbury,** a study of San Francisco's hippies which was shown on the CBC public affairs program *The Way It Is*. The following interview was conducted by Alan Collins and Joe Medjuck in May, 1968.

Q.—Can you give us a filmography?

A.—My first was **The Duel** which I made at U.C.L.A. in 1962. I made a short dramatic film that same year, but it never had a title. In the fall of '63 I made a film on surfing for *Telescope*. That summer I shot **Revival.** I didn't cut that till the following year, though. That is, I shot **Revival,** then did the surfing film, then went back to **Revival.** Then I did **Satan's Choice,** a half hour film on a motorcycle gang for the Film Board. Then I did a script for a Film Board film that was never done — the budget fell through. I did a 15 minute educational film for the Film Board. The fall of '66 I went to work for Dick Ballentine, I did four little films for him, three films of 10 minutes each and a 20 minute film. They were for a tv series of his — *This Land is People*. In the fall of '66 I also did a film called **Alan** for Ross McLean for *T.B.A.* It's a real mess. In the spring of '67 I did a half hour film for Ross called **Basketball.** A film on a high school basketball team. The summer of '67 I did the Haight-Ashbury film.



I went to UCLA right after I graduated from the University of Toronto which was 1960. I worked for an insurance company for a while, and I finally got my MA in June '65. I was only in school two years. I spent a lot of the rest of the time surfing. And I worked for Roger Corman six months as an assistant editor.

Q.—On any particular films?

A.—I was assistant editor on a film called **The Terror,** and **Dementia 13** which Francis Coppola made — and then he made **You're a Big Boy Now.**

Q.—Do you have any particular films planned for the future?

A.—Well I'm going to do a film that I've been working on a script for quite some time. But Jack Winter, a writer in town who worked for Toronto Workshop Productions and did a play called *The Mechanic* — he is writing the script. It's about a guy from the Maritimes who comes to Toronto. And that's going to be done this summer. It's for *The Way It Is.* It will be an hour-long dramatic film.

Q.—How do you feel about shooting your own films?

A.—Well, it depends the kind of shooting you're doing. Pretty well all the films I've done have been documentaries. And I don't really care that much for documentaries. I mean I like making films, period. But I don't think I'm really a documentary filmmaker. I've never believed from the beginning that I was.

Q.—When you're directing documentaries do you direct the people at all?

A.—It depends on the situation. Haight-Ashbury was a very difficult situation because I never got the right people who I wanted to use in the film until the last two or three days of the production. At that point all I could really do to get anything out of them was interview them. To put a camera on someone and let it run free, not hampering any of their movements — it takes a couple of days to really get to know people so they'll trust you. Especially in that environment, where they're so completely distrustful of the media. I think if it hadn't been for the fact that I worked for the CBC I wouldn't have gotten anywhere.

Q.—Why did that help?

A.—The CBC has a big reputation in San Francisco. And the Film Board too. I mean everybody has heard of the Film Board there.

Q.—Why are you re-editing that film?

A.—Well it had to go on the air before the 30th of March because that's the end of the CBC fiscal year and it wasn't really quite ready — I mean there are a lot of things wrong with it that are never going to be helped but I'm never content leaving a film until I'm convinced I've gotten as much mileage out of it as I possibly can. And I just didn't have it.

Q.—Did you have any preconceived ideas before you made the film or did they work themselves out as you went along?

A.—Well I didn't really have any ideas in the film at all. In the making of the film, I just sort of went around and. . . I had a general approach but very general.

Q.—Well, you do seem to come out on the side of the hippies. What I mean is, on any subject you shoot do you try to take an objective viewpoint? Suppose you were shooting the Ku Klux Klan — would you shoot it in exactly the same style or would you try to present them in an unfavourable light?

A.—Well I just try and find the element which appeals to me most in the subject. I think the film came out on the side of the hippies because I think I felt in many ways the way they did. If I made a film on the Ku Klux Klan, it might be a film that could be very unsympathetic towards their ideals but somehow sympathetic towards the men involved in it. I think with my attitude that it was inevitable that the film about the hippies would come out that way. I don't make negative films.

Q.—You got some weird effects with sunlight and overexposure. Were these accidental or were they planned?

A.—There was one thing that was accidental. The film just jammed in the camera and we got the double image thing. I wish I was able to control it. But a lot of the effects you

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see are mainly the use of long lenses. I use a lot of 400 and 600mm lenses. People are just getting on to that sort of thing. I think in Canada, Labrecque was the first person. But Carroll Ballard (and I probably learned more from Carroll than anybody else) — at the film school he and I had been working with 1200mm lenses and 1000mm 5 years ago. And there were very few people anywhere in the world who were using big lenses then. They just sort of sat around. The only people who used the big lenses were the missile trackers at the air force bases. I think now people are realizing that you can get tremendous effects with them.

Q.—What about zooms?

A.—I can't stand zoom shots. They make me sick. And I don't like the use of a zoom in a dramatic film. I mean I use a zoom a lot when I'm shooting candid stuff — I find that quite acceptable. The main use of the zoom for me is simply framing: to get in and out of frame when you're shooting on the run. When I see a scene in a dramatic film and suddenly the camera is moving in — if the camera's moving in I don't mind — I think it's great. But when I find the camera zooming in, it destroys my whole illusion of something. There is a physical sensation of motion when the camera moves that is not in the zoom. It's an artificial thing. And something like that just drives me insane.

Q.—There's one scene in **Satan's Choice** — the unbelievable scene with the minister at the gang-member's funeral — that people have trouble believing really happened that way.

A.—It happened exactly that way.

Q.—How much do you structure your films before you start shooting?

A.—Well almost none and that's why I want to get out of documentaries. I want to do something where I can really structure a film. I'm tired of being pushed around by other people — of following them around. I want to do something completely on my own.

MONTREAL letter

To anyone interested in films, glancing over the selection available in even so cosmopolitan a film centre as Montreal can be a depressing experience. What does one do after one has guessed who was coming to dinner? There are good independent films being made, films both from Canada and all over the world, films which are judged not commercially showable by the popcorn magnates that mindlessly run the theatre chains. Recently, a cinema has opened whose policy is radically different from anything else in Montreal. Called The Underground Film Centre, it is run on Sundays only, by two local filmmakers. So far its fare has largely consisted of material drawn from the American Underground, most of which has not been seen in the city, but its general policy seems to be that of showing the wide spectrum of independent film-making. As a consequence, in the short while that the Centre has been operating, it has shown more Canadian films than the average commercial house shows in five years. Although attendance is excellent and seems to be growing, the problems of getting established make this a very shoestring operation. One wishes this unique little theatre great success — it is both surprising and refreshing to come across a cinema run by people actually interested in showing films.

The Society of Film Makers (SFM) recently held a happening on the roof of a Montreal apartment building. It was billed as the first of a series of meetings giving local filmmakers a chance to get together to discuss common problems. The speakers at this meeting were Allan King, Larry Kent and Jean-Pierre Lefebvre and the topic of discussion was Canadian Feature Filmmaking. Although all were living example of that unusual breed of Canadian filmmaker who had stopped talking and actually got up and done it, curiously enough the three seemed to have so little in common that they may as well have come from different planets as far as meaningful dialogue went.

Mr. King, refreshingly enough, spoke from a position of commercial and artistic success. "Don't bitch about the CBC and the NFB," he said, "any filmmaking in Canada exists because of them." He talked of being approached by young people who come to him wanting to be filmmakers rather than wanting to make films. The chances of someone with talent becoming successful are just as great here as anywhere else. Larry Kent came on strong, fiercely attacking the NFB, the CBC, independent filmmakers, the distribution companies, the government and the Canadian public. He complained that there was no sense of community among Canadian filmmakers, no chances for young people to break into the power structure, and no way of building on our previous filmmaking experience. Of the three, Lefebvre certainly had the most to complain about but he did little griping. Here is a filmmaker with obvious talent, who at great personal sacrifice has made five feature films which have received no significant distribution either locally or abroad. If it's tough to be a Canadian feature maker, it is doubly tough to be French as well. It was fascinating to see these three radically different personalities coming up with three radically different attitudes to their common problem. One sees that you can either operate within the various structures that exist and try to use them towards your own ends as with King, develop the strong feeling that everyone is against you as with Kent, or quietly and against great odds persevere and hope that excellence will win out in the end — as with Lefebvre.

Ronald Blumer

IN THE WORKS

Denis Heroux and Jean Lebel — **Nicole.** A film to be made through Onyx Films, Montreal. Theatrical length, still in the planning stage.

Jean-Pierre Lefebvre — **Mon Oeil.** Work has recommenced on this film about violence in modern society which was shot in 1966. Possibly to be completed this summer. 16mm B & W.

Larry Kent — **Sherry** (working title). Feature length, 16mm colour. Shot in April in Montreal and New York City. Editing now beginning. A film about marriage and the emancipation of women.

Allan King — **A Married Couple.** Feature length, 100 min. colour. Presently being shot.

David **(The Paper People)** Gardner — An episode for CBC television entitled **The Well Marked Page** to be shown on *Quentin Durgens* series next year. 16 mm colour, just completed.

David Gardner — **Yesterday the Children were Dancing.** A play by Gratien Gelinas video-taped in colour for showing on *Festival* next year. 90 min.

Peter Kelly — **The Arrows of our Anguish.** A special for CBC television on the First World War, to be telecast on Remembrance Day. 90 minutes, colour, 16mm.

Jean-Pierre Lefebvre — **Jusqu'au Coeur.** His sixth feature, in colour and B & W. A film revolving around the depersonalizing nature of present society. A dramatic film produced by the NFB, 90 min in length, shooting just completed.

Pierre Perrault — **Les Voitures D'Eau** (Goelettes). A dramatic documentary about the men whose existence centres around wooden goelettes — twenty-foot long ships used on the St. Lawrence River. 2 hrs. B & W presently being edited. NFB

Anne-Claire Poirier — **De Mère en Fille** (formerly **Maternité**). Filmed in part in Czechoslovakia, the film deals with woman's role in modern society. Starring Liette Desjardins, 90 min. nearing completion. NFB.

Marcel Carrière — **Un Jour d'un Eté.** This film shows a day in the life of a young working class girl. Presently being edited. NFB.

Mort Ransen — **Youth in Today's World.** A three hour version which was said to be spectacular is now being cut to 90 minutes. Shot in Toronto last summer. NFB.

Patricia Watson — **The Admittance.** Presently being edited by Kathleen Shannon. NFB.

Arthur Hammond — **This Land.** A documentary about the Nishga Indians who are suing the B.C. government for title to their ancestral lands. One hour, B & W, for television, NFB, nearing completion.

David Bairstow — **24 Hours in Czechoslovakia.** The Czech government and the National Film Board arranged an exchange program in which Czech filmmakers would make a theatrical film in Canada and vice versa. This film is the Canadian half. Stan Mikita of the Chicago Black Hawks pays a visit to his native land as the camera follows. One hour long and in colour, this NFB film will be televised July 14.

BOOKS

Shulman, Irving. **Valentino.** New York, Trident Press, 1967.

Remember back in public school when *The Amboy Dukes* was smuggled from desk to desk with the hot sections carefully marked? That was Shulman's first book — this is his twelfth — and coming after *Harlow* one expected the worst. Actually it's not bad; too long of course, but surprisingly well researched and detailed. A good one-third is devoted to events after Valentino's death — the funeral, the fantastic cults that have grown up around the man, and a brief unsuccessful attempt to assess why he was so popular. Shulman still plays God in the straight biographical sections; fictionalizing emotions and reactions he can only assume to be truthful in a given context. Fortunately this ploy is used minimally here. Included are 18 well-chosen stills.

Glen Hunter

Weinberg, Herman G.; **Josef von Sternberg; a critical study.** New York, E.P. Dutton, 1967 (Clarke, Irwin in Canada) $2.35. ($1.95 US).

Only three of the Cinema D'Aujourd'hui series (now close to 50 titles) published by Seghers have appeared in English translation. This is the most recent, and the best of a high quality series. Weinberg's original text was translated into French and first so published; in fact, one feared we might not have an English edition, but here it is and very welcome indeed.

Essential as Sternberg's own autobiography is, one needed an objective survey of his life and work. Andrew Sarris' monograph was one fairly satisfactory answer; Weinberg's is the definitive word. Every aspect of Sternberg's dazzling art is succinctly chronicled and perceptively analyzed in Weinberg's superbly acute style, and in less than 100 pages.

The remaining material comprises an interview with and a few letters from Sternberg; the script for the opening sequence of **Shanghai Express;** the narration for **Anatahan;** and most importantly a fantastically detailed bibliography and filmography. One minor irritation: one could have done without some of the selected critical reviews by other hands (a regular feature of the series) especially as they are somewhat repetitious and also suffer from the disease of *Cahiers du Cinema in English* — "translatese".

Considering the paperback format, the generous selection of stills are crisply reproduced (far superior to the French edition in number and quality) and aid enormously in evoking the unique visual glory of any Sternberg work. As well, Lawrence Ratzkin's cover design is witty and apt.

Certainly this is by far one of the best film books in years, and one eagerly awaits Mr. Weinberg's study of Lubitsch. **Glen Hunter**

Gottfried, Martin; **A Theater Divided,** Published by Little, Brown and Co. 330 pp. $9.00 in Canada.

The author (who is drama critic for **Women's Wear Daily**) presents a dismal picture of an American theatre split into what he terms a "right wing" (where the large repertory companies, cultural centres, festivals, as well as summer stock join Broadway in a stubborn adherence to outmoded forms, archaic content and abysmal taste — albeit presented with technical efficiency and a high degree of professionalism) and a "left wing" (off-Broadway and off-off-Broadway presentations radical in form and content but marred by "a chronic, sophomoric amateurism"). Mr. Gottfried fears that in cutting themselves off so completely from each other, rather than in fostering a creative dialogue, both wings threaten to stagnate, depriving intelligent theatre-goers of theatre equal to them, and threatening the continued existence of theatre as a viable and relevant art form in the United States.

P.L.

Richie, Donald. **The Films of Akira Kurosawa.** University of California Press. 219 pp. $11 (U.S.) approx. $14 (Canada).

Beautifully designed and bound, this book published in 1965 is still the best *ever* on an individual director. Richie, as well as discussing each film separately and in detail, supplies complete credits and numerous stills. One complaint: considering that Kurosawa is an amazingly versatile and eclectic director, Richie works a little too hard at finding themes and patterns which recur throughout the director's films.

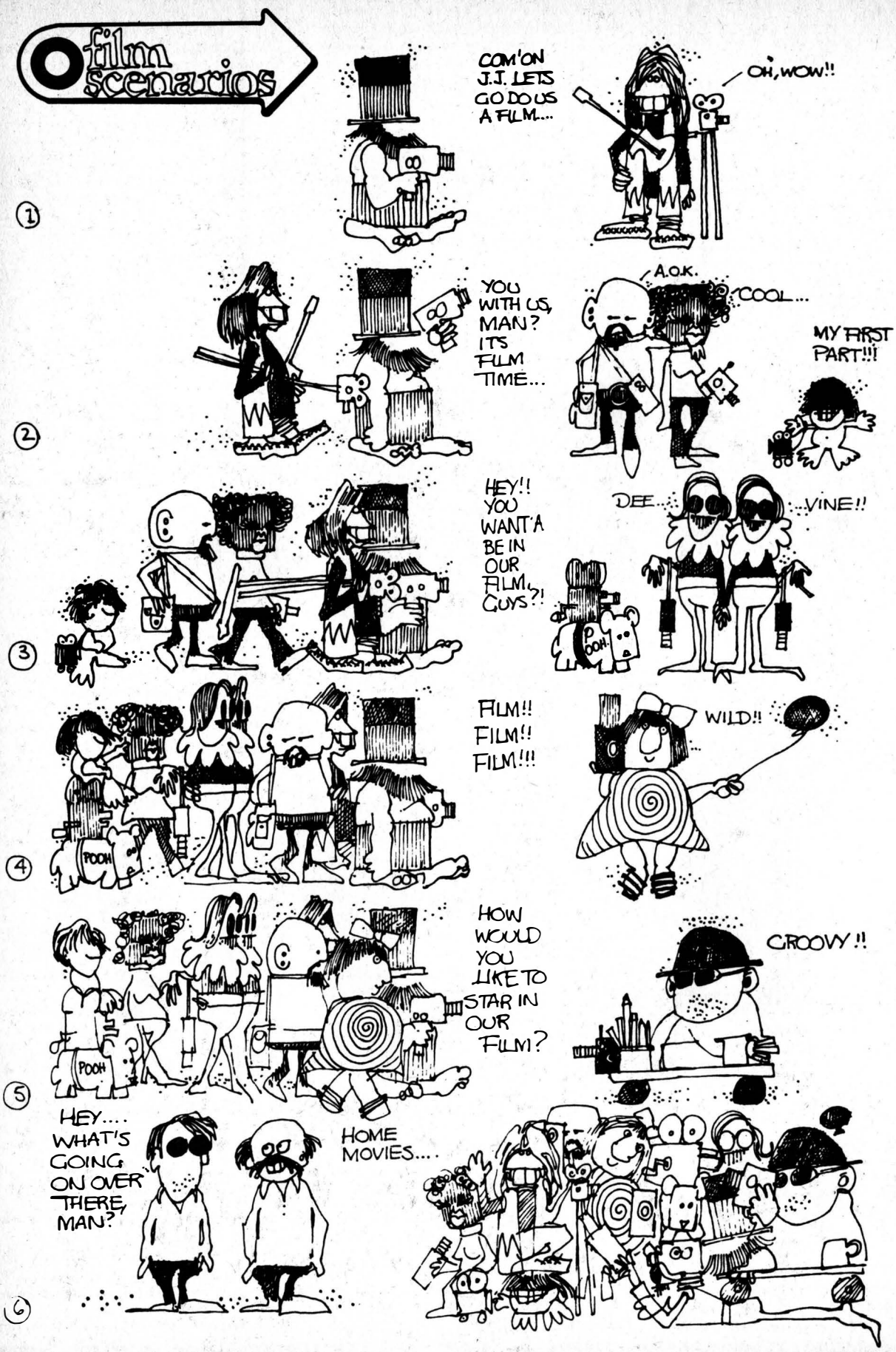
J.M.

OOPS!

1—Despite "In the Works" in our last issue, **Poussière sur la ville** was not an NFB production. The proper credits are given with the review of the film appearing in this issue.

2—Credits given for **The Presidents Analyst** were, of course, those for **The Graduate** instead. Proper credits for the film reviewed are: Producer: Stanley Rubin. Director: Theodore J. Flicker. Screenplay by Theodore J. Flicker. Photography: William A. Fraker. Music: Lalo Schifrin. Stars: James Coburn, Godfrey Cambridge, Joan Delaney. Panavision, Technicolor. Released by Paramount. 103 minutes.

film scenarios



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Music by the Beatles and Ravi Shankar

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